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VOL. LXXX. NO. 2084.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1936.

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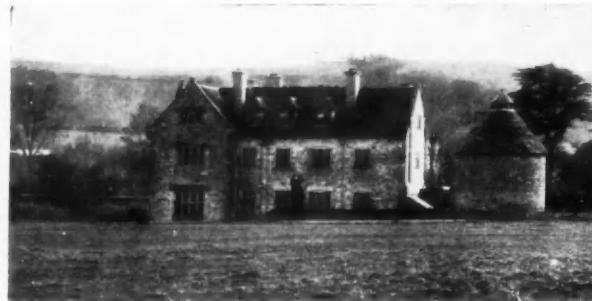
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COURT.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS WITH
FORMAL GARDEN.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT
35 ACRES

Further details from the Sole Agents, CURTIS and HENSON, 5, Mount Street, London, W.1.



HISTORIC CASTLE OF
GREAT INTEREST,
STANDING IN A
TIMBERED PARK

FIVE RECEPTION ROOMS,
FIFTEEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.

Modern Conveniences.

STABLES, LARGE GARAGE, AND
OUTSIDE STAFF ACCOMMODATION.



OVER 6,500 FEET UP, NEAR ST. MORITZ

ST. MORITZ STATION ABOUT TEN MINUTES BY CAR, OR TWENTY MINUTES ON SKIS.
Commanding magnificent views over the Upper ENGADINE and its lakes as far as MARGNA.



MODERN CHÂLET, MAINLY DECORATED
IN THE ENGADINE STYLE, BUT WITH
SOME ROOMS FORMING SPECIMENS OF THE
EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ART

ENTRANCE HALL AND CLOAKROOM.
FOUR EXCELLENT RECEPTION ROOMS.
SIXTEEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.
SEVEN BATHROOMS.

Central Heating and all up-to-date Conveniences.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, FORMING A PERFECT
SETTING FOR THE PROPERTY AND EASY TO
MAINTAIN

GARAGE ACCOMMODATION FOR THREE CARS.
CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT, AND ADDITIONAL ROOMS FOR STAFF.
TWO BATHROOMS.



RECENTLY PLACED IN THE MARKET FOR SALE

Confidentially recommended from personal knowledge by the Sole Agents, CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, London, W.1.

14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS

**HISTORIC TUDOR HOUSE IN BEAUTIFUL
COTSWOLD COUNTRY**

PERFECTLY POSITIONED FOR THE BEST OF HUNTING.

THE LOVELY PERIOD HOUSE

Standing within a well-timbered park amid unspoilt country. Contains fifteen bedrooms, five bathrooms, and very charming suite of reception rooms, and is most beautifully appointed.

AMPLE STABLING. GARAGES.
NUMEROUS COTTAGES AND OLD-WORLD GROUNDS.

A VERY FINE RESIDENTIAL AND
SPORTING ESTATE.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 600 ACRES

Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

HAMPSHIRE SPORTING ESTATE
IN THE BEST SPORTING AND RESIDENTIAL PART OF
THE COUNTY.

NEARLY 2,000 ACRES

Splendid shooting in a ring fence with additional area available, if required. A VERY FINE MANSION IN FAULTLESS ORDER, SEATED IN GRANDLY TIMBERED PARK OF 300 ACRES

PERFECTLY EQUIPPED THROUGHOUT.

HOME FARM.
SEVERAL WELL-LET AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS.
Numerous cottages.

TROUT-FISHING IN STREAM INTERSECTING THE ESTATE.

FOR SALE

Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

ORIGINAL XVTH CENTURY MANOR

ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT OLD HOUSES IN THE
WEST OF ENGLAND.

Good sporting and residential part, two-and-a-half hours from London by
G.W.R. express.

THE ESTATE IS ABOUT 100 ACRES IN EXTENT
and the gardens are of an old-world character in keeping with the ancient
structure. The whole place in wonderful order. Eleven bedrooms, three
bathrooms, fine galleried hall, three reception rooms.

**SUPERB PANELLING AND DECORATIVE FEATURES
OF THE PERIOD.**

Central heating. Electric light. Garages. Stabling. Cottages.

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

Personally inspected by the Owner's Agents, WILSON & Co.,
14, Mount Street, W.1.

**LOVELY QUEEN ANNE HOUSE IN SPORTING
PART OF BUCKS**

Occupying a magnificent position 600ft above sea level.

AMIDST GLORIOUS ROLLING COUNTRY AND FINE BEECH WOODS.

Fourteen bedrooms, three bathrooms, billiard room; period panelling
in three reception rooms; main electric light and water; central heating

STABLING. COTTAGES. FARMERY AND OUTBUILDINGS.

DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS

with many fine specimen trees.

ABOUT 100 ACRES

Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

Telephone :
Grosvenor 2252
(6 lines).

After Office Hours,
Livingstone 1066.

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

COUNTRY PROPERTIES. TOWN HOUSES AND FLATS. INVESTMENTS.

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1. (And at Shrewsbury.)

GENUINE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE

SHOWN IN SURVEY MADE IN 1547.

BEECH HILL, MAYFORD

Woking 2½ miles. Only 30 minutes to
London by train.

Carefully modernised and in excellent order,
approached by drive, containing :

LOUNGE HALL,
BILLIARD AND THREE
RECEPTION ROOMS,
THREE BATHROOMS,
SIX BEDROOMS,
FOUR ATTIC ROOMS,
USUAL OFFICES.

STABLING. GARAGE.
TWO COTTAGES.
USEFUL BUILDINGS.



Sole Agents, CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

BEAUTIFULLY-TIMBERED
OLD-WORLD GROUNDS

(overlooking adjoining Park of larger
property).

Extending to about

5½ ACRES.

HUNTING WITH THE
CHIDDINGFOLD FOXHOUNDS AND
THE WEST SURREY BEAGLES.

GOOD GOLF COURSES WITHIN
EASY REACH.

FOR SALE. REDUCED
PRICE

'Phone : Grosvenor 2861.
'Grams : "Cornishmen, London."

TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1



11 OR 25½ ACRES. BARGAIN PRICE.
Cottage and 14 Acres. Grassland optional. Hunting. Golf.
SHROPSHIRE (Nine miles Shrewsbury.)
This charming Old RESIDENCE, 300ft. above sea level. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 8 bed and dressing rooms.

Co.'s electric light. Private water supply. Telephone.
Stabling for 2. Garage.
Charming grounds, orchard and grassland.

£1,800 5 ACRES
TROUT POND and STREAM on Property.
(650ft. above sea level, on sandstone.)
Modern RESIDENCE.

Hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 5 bedrooms.
Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.
Garage. Stabling. Man's room.

PICTURESQUE GROUNDS
Well timbered and sloping to valley; tennis lawn, kitchen garden and woodland.
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (16,633.)

EXCELLENT SPORTING PROPERTY.
UP TO 250 ACRES INCLUDING A TOR.

BEAUTIFUL PART OF DEVON

350ft. above sea level, south aspect.

Magnificent views over the Moors.

DELIGHTFULLY PLACED RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms. Electric light.

GARAGES. STABLING. 2 COTTAGES.

Grounds of natural beauty. Tennis and other lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchards, etc.

Also pasture, arable and woodlands.

FOR SALE, VERY REASONABLE PRICE
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (16,798.)

£3,500. 9 ACRES.

2 COTTAGES AND 40 ACRES OPTIONAL.

COTSWOLDS Hunting and golf, beautiful position, commanding extensive views. This delightful

XVTH CENTURY MANOR HOUSE

4 reception, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, 3 attics.

Electric light and water laid on.

STABLING FOR 6. GARAGES.

Lovely old, well-timbered grounds and pastureland.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (15,487.)

Suitable for a Guest House, School, Nursing Home, or
conversion into flats.

22 MILES NORTH OF LONDON

(55 minutes London; high up on gravel).

WELL-FITTED MODERN RESIDENCE

Lounge, 4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 11 bedrooms.

Main water. Gas and electric light. Central heating.

2 GARAGES. COTTAGE.

ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS with lawns for 3 tennis

courts; well-stocked kitchen garden; about

3 ACRES.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (15,033.)

£3,800.



SURREY £2,000. 2 ACRES.
(30 minutes London).

VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main water. Central heating. Electric light. Gas.

Telephone. Main drainage. GARAGE FOR 2.

Well timbered and perfectly secluded grounds, tennis

lawn, rose and kitchen gardens, prolific orchard.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (14,849.)

PETERSFIELD DISTRICT

Protected by large private estates. Nearly 500ft. up.

Magnificent views, pretty carriage drive.

PICTURESQUE CHARACTER RESIDENCE

Hall, 4 reception, 8 to 11 bed, 3 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Excellent unfailing water.

GARAGE. STABLING. LODGE.

Really charming Grounds, hard tennis court, orchard,

paddock and woodland.

7½ ACRES. BARGAIN PRICE.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (1227.)

Telegrams:
"Wood, Agents, Wesso,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.
23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telephone No. :
Mayfair 6341 (10 lines).

DORSET MANOR HOUSE

SIX MILES FROM THE COAST.



STONE-BUILT AND
WITH BEAUTIFUL ORIGINAL
OLD PANELLING, ETC.
THREE RECEPTION ROOMS,
BILLIARD ROOM,
FIFTEEN BEDROOMS AND
THREE BATHROOMS.

Electric light. Central heating.
Water from spring. "Aga" cooker.
SEVERAL COTTAGES AND
FARM HOLDINGS.
bringing in £668 per annum.

TO BE SOLD with about
50 or 455 ACRES.



Owner's Agents, JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 6341.) (61,931.)

**FOR SALE AT A TEMPTING PRICE
ESSEX—SUFFOLK BORDERS**

Within eleven miles of Bury St. Edmund's
and convenient for Newmarket.

**THIS DELIGHTFUL
QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE**

STANDING HIGH, WITH SOUTH
ASPECT, AND CONTAINING
A WEALTH OF LOVELY PANELLING
AND BEAUTIFUL STAIRCASE.

TEN BEDROOMS,
THREE BATHROOMS,
FINE LOUNGE HALL,
AND THREE RECEPTION ROOMS.



STABLING, GARAGE AND FARMERY.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

TWO EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS AND
GOOD PASTURE

IN ALL ABOUT 25 ACRES

CONVENIENT FOR HUNTING, GOLF
AND SHOOTING.

Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (80,811.)

**JUST IN THE MARKET.
BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT**

WITH EXPRESS TRAINS TO
WATERLOO IN ABOUT AN HOUR.

**THIS PICTURESQUE
GEORGIAN RESIDENCE,
OCCUPYING A NICE
POSITION**

ABOUT 300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL,
APPROACHED BY TWO CARRIAGE
DRIVES AND SURROUNDED BY
BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS.

TEN BED,
BATHROOM,
LOUNGE HALL,
and
THREE RECEPTION ROOMS.

Central heating, Company's water and
main electric light.



STABLING,
GARAGE AND COTTAGE.

Wide-spreading lawns, shaded by grand
old Beech, Cedars and Chestnut trees.

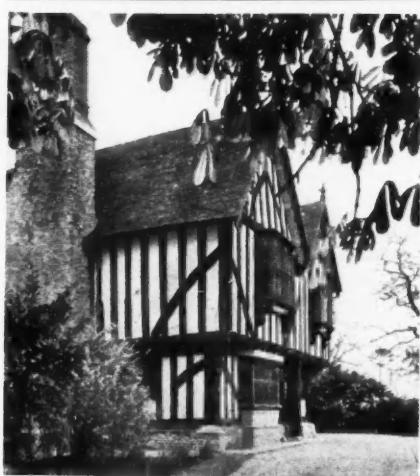
TENNIS LAWN,
BEAUTIFUL WALLED KITCHEN
GARDEN,
ORCHARD AND GRASSLAND.

In all about
23½ ACRES

HUNTING WITH THE VINE AND
OTHER PACKS, GOLF COURSE
WITHIN TWO MILES.

**FOR SALE AT A MOST
REASONABLE PRICE**

Strongly recommended by Messrs. SIMMONS & SONS, Basingstoke, and JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (62,067.)



**KENT
XVTH CENTURY MANOR HOUSE**

WITHIN AN HOUR OF TOWN

**A UNIQUE OLD HOUSE OF GREAT
CHARACTER**

WITH ORIGINAL OAK TIMBERING, KING POSTS,
ETC.

LOUNGE, THREE RECEPTION ROOMS,
ELEVEN BEDROOMS, THREE BATH.

Central heating. All main services

TWO TENNIS COURTS
GARAGE.

FREEHOLD

£6,000 WITH 2½ ACRES

MORE LAND UP TO 60 ACRES IS AVAILABLE.

Agents, JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square,
London, W.1. (Mayfair 6341.) (30,583.)



JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

BOURNEMOUTH:
JOHN FOX, F.A.I.
ERNEST FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
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E. STODDART FOX, P.A.S.I., F.A.I.

FOX & SONS
LAND AGENTS, BOURNEMOUTH

SOUTHAMPTON:
ANTHONY B. FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
Telegrams:
"Homefinder" Bournemouth.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE
FOR SALE AT THE REDUCED PRICE OF £6,000 FREEHOLD
ON THE BORDERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST

4½ miles from Roussey; 6½ miles from Southampton.

PERFECTLY SECLUDED.
Away from main road traffic.

CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF THE
MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSES
in the County.

Designed in South African style and referred to in Mr. Lawrence Weaver's book, "Small Country Houses of To-day." Seven principal bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, four maids' bedrooms, four reception rooms, excellent domestic offices.



Illustrated particulars may be obtained of Messrs. FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

STABLING. GARAGE (with flat over).
TWO COTTAGES.

Electric lighting plant.
Central heating. Company's water.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS, with pergolas, rose garden, tennis court, kitchen garden, woodlands and pasture land, the whole extending to an area of about

55 ACRES

TO BE LET FURNISHED FROM MAY UNTIL AUGUST, 1937.
DORSET

In a beautiful setting overlooking hill and downland and sheltered on all sides. Close to the picturesque coastal village of Studland.

Situated on the Corfe Castle to Studland Road, about three miles from Corfe Castle and seven miles from Swanage.

The beautiful and imposing Residence

"REMPSTONE HALL"
CORFE CASTLE, DORSET.

The well-arranged accommodation comprises:—

TEN PRINCIPAL AND SECONDARY
BEDROOMS.
FIVE SERVANTS' ROOMS.
TWO DRESSING ROOMS.
THREE BATHROOMS.
THREE RECEPTION ROOMS.
SERVANTS' HALL AND SITTING
ROOM.
HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM.
EXCELLENT DOMESTIC OFFICES.



Full particulars may be obtained of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING PLANT.
COMPANY'S WATER.
GARAGE FOR THREE CARS.
Chauffeur's Rooms.
STABLING.
SQUASH COURT. SWIMMING POOL.

MAGNIFICENT
PLEASURE GROUNDS.

with wonderful flowery shrubs, rosary, rockery, lily pond, small lake, lawns, shady woodland walks, walled kitchen garden, paddock. The whole

EXTENDING TO AN AREA OF ABOUT

23 ACRES

AN IDEAL SMALL SPORTING PROPERTY
EXCELLENT SHOOTING. LAKE STOCKED WITH TROUT.



Particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

THREE COTTAGES.
EXCELLENT STABLING AND
GARAGES.
LARGE GREENHOUSE, VINERIES
AND PEACH HOUSE.
BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PARK,
fine ornamental trees and shrubs, walled
fruit and vegetable gardens, woodlands,
etc., the whole covering an area of about

107 ACRES

THE WHOLE IS WELL TIMBERED.
PRICE, £6,500 FREEHOLD

N.B.—The property can be inspected at any time on production of card to
gardener in charge.

THE HOME FARM OF 225 ACRES AND
ONE OTHER FARM CAN BE PURCHASED IN ADDITION, IF DESIRED.

DORSET

ONE OF THE SHOW HOUSES OF THE COUNTY WITH MANY FEATURES OF ANTIQUARIAN INTEREST.
AMIDST DELIGHTFUL SCENERY.

CHARMINGLY SITUATED

Two miles from Beaminster, eight miles
from Crewkerne.

IN THE CATTISTOCK HUNT.

TO BE SOLD

THIS VALUABLE SMALL FREEHOLD
RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL
ESTATE,

with beautiful Tudor House, containing nine principal and secondary bedrooms, servants' rooms, three bathrooms, three reception rooms, billiards room, excellent offices.



Full particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

Electric light. Central heating.
Ample water supply.

Old circular Tudor dovecote.
GOOD STABLING. GARAGES.

SEVERAL COTTAGES.

TWO EXCELLENT FARMS.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS
charming woodland walks with running
streams.

The whole comprising an area of about
465 ACRES
of rich farm lands
and producing £668 per annum.

FOX & SONS, BOURNEMOUTH (TEN OFFICES); AND SOUTHAMPTON

Kens. 1490.
Telegrams:
"Estate c/o Harrods, London."

HARRODS

Surrey Office:
West Byfleet.

ONE OF SURREY'S LESSER SHOW PLACES

c.4.

Surrounded by miles of beautiful Common lands, yet within 4 miles of Main Line Station, with 30 minutes train journey to Town.

THIS FASCINATING
XIVth CENTURY GEM

Restored regardless of cost, yet retaining all its original features and WEALTH of old oak; open fireplaces, etc.
3 good reception, billiard room, 6 bedrooms, etc.
2 bathrooms.
Central heating. Co.'s water. Electric light.
GARAGE. TITHE BARN. Useful Outbuildings.
OLD-WORLD GROUNDS.

Lawns, crazy paved walks, tennis court, rose and flower gardens, wild garden. SWIMMING-POOL OF NEARLY 1 ACRE. Paddock, etc., in all about

10 ACRES
VERY REASONABLE PRICE



Inspected and recommended by HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

EXTENSIVE VIEWS OVER THE VALLEY OF THE STOUR

c.7.

On the outskirts of an old-world Village, in a favourite Yachting and Sporting District.

MODERNISED
GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

7 or 10 bedrooms, 3 reception, 2 bathrooms.
Central heating. Electric light and power.
Company's water.

STABLING. GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS with two tennis courts, old-world walled garden and grasslands, extending in all to

10 ACRES
FREEHOLD £5,500

HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.



ADJOINING BERKHAMSTED COMMON AND GOLF

c.6.

Beautiful situation, high up with fine open views.

HOUSE OF CHARACTER

Originally a cottage, secluded and well back from road.
Pretty hall and cloakroom, 3 good reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms (fitted b. and c. supplies), 2 well-appointed bathrooms, and very comfortable offices.

Main electricity, gas and water. Modern drainage.
EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD GARAGE (for 4 cars).

Tastefully laid-out Pleasure Grounds, with full-sized tennis lawn, etc.

FREEHOLD, REDUCED TO £4,250



Inspected and very strongly recommended by HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

TYPICAL SUSSEX FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE

c.3.

On the outskirts of a lovely old-world Village between Tunbridge Wells and the Coast, about 400ft. above sea level, with superb panoramic views.



3 reception, sun-parlour, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Main drainage. Co.'s gas, water, and electric light.
Central heating.

GARAGE. COTTAGE.

MATURED PLEASURE GARDENS.

Tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 1½ ACRES

GOLF. HUNTING.

VERY LOW PRICE FREEHOLD



Inspected and recommended by HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

ACTUALLY ADJOINING THE PICTURESQUE EPPING FOREST

c.9.

FINE POSITION WHICH CANNOT BE SPOILT.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE
PRE-WAR RESIDENCE

Standing on high ground with extensive views, yet only 11 miles from the City. Built in 1900, enlarged and modernised in 1927. Four golf courses in the district.

Hall, lounge, 3 reception, 6 principal and 2 secondary bedrooms (3 with basins b. and c.), 2 bath, compact offices.

Electricity. Co.'s gas and water. Main drainage.

GARAGE (2 cars). HARNESS ROOM, &c.

WORKROOM WITH ATTIC. LODGE (3 rooms). GROUNDS of nearly 3 ACRES, with rockery, flower, fruit and gardens; HARD TENNIS COURT grass court, lawn and circular Swimming Pool.

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500

MORTGAGE IF DESIRED.



HOUSE AND SWIMMING-POOL.



HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

SOUTH ASPECT OF GROUNDS.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE,
40, PICCADILLY, W.1.
(ENTRANCE IN SACKVILLE STREET).

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE SOUTHERN HALF OF ENGLAND.

MESSRS. F. L. MERCER & CO. UNDERTAKE FREE OF CHARGE THE INSPECTION AND VALUATION OF PROPERTIES FOR SALE WHERE THERE IS A DEFINITE PROSPECT OF ENGAGEMENT.

Segregated Departments, under the control of experts, exist for the handling of properties rising in value from about £2,000 to £20,000

AN OPPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE A UNIQUE HOME AMIDST SOME OF THE MOST GLORIOUS SCENERY IN SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM HUNTERCOMBE GOLF COURSE

A DIGNIFIED ELIZABETHAN
MANOR HOUSE
IN BEAUTIFUL CONDITION
OF CONSIDERABLE INTEREST TO
ARCHEOLOGISTS,
with its
XIIIth CENTURY "CASTLE RUINS,"
OLD DOWER HOUSE
and
"CROMWELLIAN STABLING"
clustered round it.



FINE PANELLED HALL,
FOUR RECEPTION,
EIGHTEEN BED AND DRESSING
ROOMS,
TEN BATHROOMS.

CENTRAL HEATING.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
MAIN WATER.

SURROUNDED BY A SMALL BUT EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL DEER PARK



SUPERIOR ENTRANCE LODGE,
THREE COTTAGES,
DOWER HOUSE OR BACHELORS' HALL,
"CROMWELLIAN STABLING"
converted into
TWO MAGNIFICENT LIVING ROOMS.

IN ALL ABOUT
308 ACRES



Illustrated particulars from the Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

MAYFAIR
1121-2

J. EWART GILKES & PARTNERS

52, DAVIES STREET, W.1

MODERNISED FARMHOUSE



HIGH UP. CHARMING GROUNDS

11 BEDROOMS. 3 BATHROOMS.
2 COTTAGES. ABOUT 42 ACRES.

SUSSEX

THE PERFECT COUNTRY HOUSE



WITH TWENTY MILE VIEW

12 BEDROOMS. 4 BATHROOMS.
STABLING. ADJOINING GOLF.

BUCKS

COTSWOLD STONE HOUSE



IN PERFECT ORDER

9 BEDROOMS. CENTRAL HEATING.
GOOD FISHING ON THE PROPERTY.

OXON

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1.

ALSO AT RUGBY, OXFORD, BIRMINGHAM, & CHIPPING NORTON.

Telephone:
Regent 0911 (3 lines)

JUST AVAILABLE FOR SALE

WEST SUSSEX

IN THE BEST PART OF THIS BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT

AN OUTSTANDING MODERN RESIDENCE

equipped with every luxury and comfort, and occupying a picked site on sandy subsoil, facing south with a wonderful

THIRTY MILE PANORAMA OF THE SOUTH DOWNS
THREE SPACIOUS RECEPTION ROOMS, SEVEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, THREE BATHROOMS, AND MODEL OFFICES WITH SERVANTS' HALL. ELECTRIC LIGHT, CENTRAL HEATING, LARGE HEATED GARAGE, ENTRANCE LODGE, ETC.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS WITH BATHING POOL
PICTURESQUE PIECE OF WOODLAND, AND EXCELLENT PASTURE THE WHOLE EXTENDING TO NEARLY

20 ACRES

SOLE AGENTS, Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 16,684.)



Telephone:
Grosvenor 3231 (3 lines)COLLINS & COLLINS
LAND AND ESTATE AGENTS37, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1LOVELY OLD TUDOR MANOR HOUSE
HUNTING. SHOOTING.

FOR SALE WITH NEARLY 500 ACRES OR LESS LAND

Fifteen bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms, four reception rooms.
Electric light. Central heating. Period features. Oak panelling.
MODERNISED AND IN PERFECT ORDER.

HOME FARM.

Particulars of Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS. (Folio 21,434.)

WILTSHIRE

1½ miles main line station. Easy access to Swindon, Bath and Bristol.



Hunting with the Duke of Beauforts and V.W.H. Packs.

GENTLEMAN'S FARMING ESTATE 144 ACRES
Chiefly rich grass; suitable for a Pedigree Herd.
SMALL QUEEN ANNE PERIOD RESIDENCE. Two or three reception rooms, six to seven bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light. Excellent water supply.
MODERN COWHOUSE FOR 44. GRADE "A" MILK PRODUCED.
Three Cottages. Kitchen garden, tennis court. Stables for Hunters.
PRICE FREEHOLD £6,250 NO TITHE
Inspected by Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS. (Fol. 21,547.)

BERKSHIRE. ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE
IN FAVOURITE PART WITHIN 30 MILES OF TOWN. EXCELLENT POSITION ON GRAVEL SOIL.

24 BEDROOMS.
FIVE RECEPTION ROOMS.
THREE BATHROOMS.
MODEL DOMESTIC OFFICES
LODGE. COTTAGE.
GARAGE.
STABLING.
BEAUTIFUL ORNAMENTAL GROUNDS.

WELL-TIMBERED PARK AND
VALUABLE WOODLAND;
also
GOOD PASTURE;
in all about
68 ACRES
FOR SALE
FREEHOLD, £6,500
OR WOULD SELL WITH LESS LAND
AT LOWER PRICE.

Full details of Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS, 37, South Audley Street, W.1. (Folio 19,789.)

26, Dover Street, W.1.
Regent 5681 (6 lines).FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.
LONDON

AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS.

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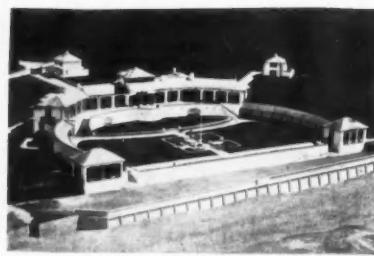
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SIX ACRES—two entrance lodges.

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Main services. Central heating.

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HOUSE TO LET.

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UNspoilt COUNTRY. NO SIGNS OF DEVELOPMENT. 300FT. UP. SANDY SOIL. RURAL VIEWS.



FOR SALE AT A STRICTLY MODERATE PRICE

Ideal home for busy City gentleman, close to first-class Golf.
Inspected and recommended by the Agents, MAPLE & CO., LTD., as above.

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On the high ground above Wargrave, in the beautifully wooded country between Maidenhead and Reading, with excellent train service to Town in about 45 minutes.

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PRICE £3,250

SUBJECT TO CONTRACT.

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NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

THE season is almost upon us when countless people will be making all sorts of good, and not so good, resolutions, which, unfortunately, are for the most part, fated to be broken. And this is not to be wondered at, for so many of these so called resolutions involve the denial of some pleasure or the breaking of some probably harmless but ingrained habit.

However, without waiting for the New Year, and apart from any personal choice, may we recommend the initiation of a course that, once commenced, you will desire to continue? That is, to resolve, week by week, to scan carefully the advertisement pages of COUNTRY LIFE. These pages are unique in their way, and replete with suggestions. Personal requirements—New Year gifts—almost everything is represented—probably the very things for which you have been looking. But see for yourself. In letting these pages be your adviser, you will have the comforting reflection that you cannot go wrong.

FOR CORONATION YEAR

(AND MANY YEARS AFTERWARDS)

YOUR GARDEN NEEDS THESE

LOVELY BROOMS

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Two miles of frontage to main roads; one mile second-class road; three miles hard carriageways; lodges, stables, farms and cottages. Thirty-two miles London; 20 miles Brighton.

THIS IS QUITE THE MOST INTERESTING ESTATE EVER OFFERED FOR DEVELOPMENT IN SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND.

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six years.

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the Reserve Novice
Championship with a
fox of the Sidlaw
Strain. Another buyer
did the same in 1936.
Yet another was
reserve to the
Champion Vixen, and
reserve to the Cham-
pion three-quarter
silver with a cub of
our strain, in 1934.

We not only keep good
foxes, we sell them too.

For particulars apply to:—
J. M. D. MACKENZIE, F.Z.S.
Sidlaw Fur Farm,
Balbeggie, Perthshire.

CRUFT'S KENNEL NOTES

THIS being the last number in the Old Year reminds us that we are now within measurable distance of Cruft's great show on February 10th and 11th. This show will be looked forward to with more than ordinary interest, for exhibitors are already discussing the possibility of last February's wonderful record being surpassed. In the ten months that have intervened hosts of new exhibitors have appeared, and it is certain that many of them will want to try their luck at the greatest show in the world. The classification will be in every way equal to that of its predecessors, and every possible inducement is offered to make the event attractive. Schedules will be issued on January 8th, and if anyone fails to receive one immediately after that date an application should be sent to the Secretary, Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, N.1.

We have already published two lists of judges from which it will be gathered that the ladies and gentlemen who have agreed to officiate are of a character and experience that will make their opinions worth having. Here are two further names. Mr. E. Cumberlidge has agreed to take the bulldogs. His appointment should be very acceptable, as he will have a big following among the north and south country exhibitors, who have every confidence in his ability to sort out the winners in what is a somewhat difficult breed. We have seen many grand collections of bulldogs at Mr. Cruft's shows, and it is to be hoped that we shall not be disappointed this time. Mr. Harry Scott, who judges any of the spaniels with great skill, had previously been booked for English springers, and he has now consented to take Irish water spaniels as well. The English Springer Spaniel Club is again guaranteeing classes confined to their members, which filled remarkably well last time. Although Irish water spaniels are never very numerous, those that do appear usually exhibit a very high degree of quality, and they can seldom be overlooked in variety classes for gundogs.

We would remind our readers who are not in the habit of exhibiting that this show offers them an incomparable opportunity for bringing out a dog that they have reason to believe is pretty good. A win of any sort at the Royal Agricultural Hall will add considerably to its value, and no one need be deterred by the knowledge that hundreds of famous champions will be present. The classification is so arranged that dogs of more modest claims have a reasonable chance of being successful in the minor classes for which the aristocrats are ineligible. This is a matter that is often overlooked. The most important class of any championship show is the Open, which means that any dog may be entered therein, no matter how many prizes he has won. This is where

we have to look for the big winners, and after they have won a certain number of prizes they can only compete in that class. Next in importance is the Limit class, which is for dogs which have not won three challenge certificates under three different judges, or more than six first prizes in Open and Limit classes at championship shows.

After that we get a variety of classes which, in a sense, are designed to handicap extensive winners. Would-be exhibitors will find the definitions of these classes printed in the schedule, where they can make their selection. Of course, anyone who feels that he has a really good dog to come out will put him in a number of classes, and there is always a possibility that he may be awarded the supreme distinction of a challenge certificate, even if he is not put into either the Open or Limit class. Should he be lucky enough to do this he may easily become worth several hundreds of pounds, the value depending to some extent upon his breed.

Among the all-round kennels of gundogs that have done very well in the last few years is



BEAUCHIEF BOREAL, DR. T. D. NORTON'S ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL THAT HAS WON MANY PRIZES

that owned by Dr. T. D. Norton, Kensington House, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, who is a member of Cruft's Dog Show Society. Our illustration to-day is of his English springer spaniel Beauchief Boreal. Dr. Norton keeps about a dozen gundogs, mainly with the object of working them. Although he has been breeding this class of dog for fifteen years he has only exhibited during the last eighteen months and the successes he has achieved have been ample justification of the experiment. In that time less than half a dozen have won about 250 prizes, the chief being Beauchief Boreal, who has a tally of eighty firsts, including one challenge certificate. Five times he has been runner-up for the certificate, six times best in the show, and over a dozen times the best gundog: the most recent effort being the best in show out of 350 entries at the North of England Gundog Association. Another of the same kind, Nippy Kipps, probably the best worker in the kennel, is also a consistent winner at open and championship shows.

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Haslemere, Surrey.
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The best tuition obtainable in all branches of kennel work. Terms 15 weeks, 30 weeks, or one year.
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Lowest Possible Prices!



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INHALANT

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Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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LEADING HOTEL OF
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At its best in
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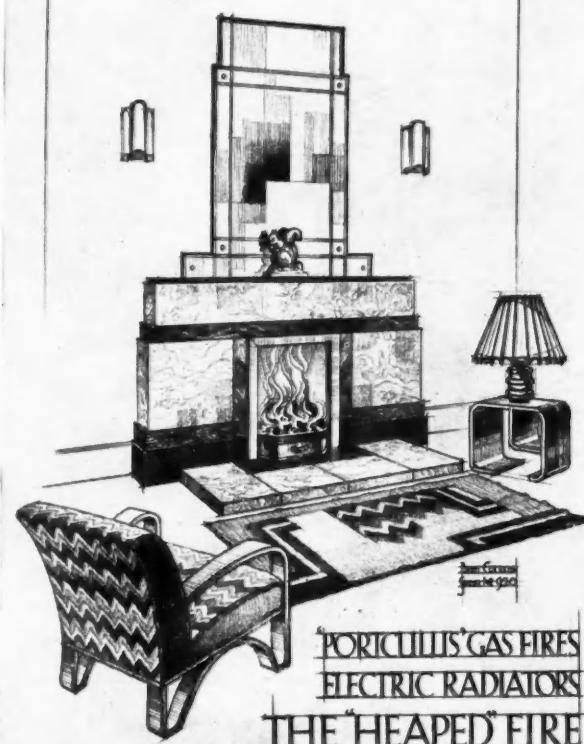
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To commemorate the forthcoming Coronation, specially designed Houses in Cedar or in high class brick with Empire timbering, comprising 2 reception and 4 to 5 bedrooms, central heating, electric wiring, will be supplied at 1,000 guineas each on your own site, ready for occupation.

One such, but on all-electric lines, is on view, adjoining two other Cedar Houses in Sussex which may be inspected by appointment. Descriptive literature post free, stating locality of your site.

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with 3 bedrooms for week-ends, fishing, shooting or staff at 550 guineas, ready for occupation. Hire Purchase can be arranged on 8 years' repayment.

W. C. COLT

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXX.—No. 2084.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1936.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
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Indre Shira

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LADY ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND

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Lady Townshend and her only
daughter with their dogs on
the steps of Raynham Hall.

COUNTRY LIFE

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FOOD PRODUCTION and NATIONAL DEFENCE

IT is admitted on every hand to-day that the reorganisation and expansion of agriculture are necessary from the point of view of national defence, and we recently alluded to the difficulties which were likely to arise as the result of the present multiplication of departments and committees dealing with the co-ordination of national defence and agriculture. As far back as July 25th we pointed out that "all these questions involve most important matters of policy, and there is no present authority competent to relate them." Since then a sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence has been formed to deal with food questions, and the Air Raid Precautions Department has been examining the problem of protecting foodstuffs from enemy bombing and gas attack. A fortnight ago it was announced that a new Food (Defence Plan) Department had been constituted within the Board of Trade, but that it will not be directly concerned with home production. As the chief problem of food supply in time of war is that of home production, this seems a little unsatisfactory and likely to lead to confusion in the future. The ramifications of the Civil Service are deep and intricate ; and it is perfectly possible, as was discovered so many times during the War, for the Cabinet suddenly to discover that half a dozen separate departments are doing the same job under the cover of different descriptions. In such circumstances co-operation is not encouraged, a certain hostility is engendered between the various Ministries and Departments concerned, and the net result is bad for the nation. In spite of the international dangers that threaten more and more ominously, the Government still seems hardly to have realised the vital deficiencies of this country's agriculture in this regard. Better prepared so far as supplies and production were concerned, we just managed to struggle through a by no means perfect blockade. When we were caught unprepared, we had over two million acres under the plough. To-day our decrease in arable acreage is 13 per cent. Renewed expansion is obviously necessary, but it must be rationally directed with every side of national

existence and of national defence in view. The present system of duties, levies and subsidies must be used to the full. The drain of capital from agriculture must be stopped. More credits must be provided. All these things need control and co-ordination, and not less important is the internal balancing of the industry itself. We all of us know that the industry must expand, but we want an overriding authority to decide what shall expand and how. In these circumstances, one may, perhaps, hope that the Government will give more than perfunctory consideration to the motion placed on the Order Paper last week by Mr. De Chair, to the effect that "this House believes that the supply of home-grown food is an all-important aspect of defence ; is convinced that no plan for the expansion of the agricultural output coming into operation only on the outbreak of war could yield the desired results ; and therefore urges His Majesty's Government to set up a food production council, co-operating with the Ministry of Agriculture, or to take such other steps as it thinks advisable to aim at increasing to full capacity of production the output of home-grown foodstuffs within the next three years, through adequate Government stimulus, as an integral part of the defence programme." To set up yet another Council may not seem a counsel of perfection, but a frank discussion of the whole business of organisation can have no effect but good, and the home production side of the matter cannot be too strongly emphasised.

THE VILLAGE HALL

IN many lucky villages these festive days, or rather nights, will see entertainments organised in the village hall : a dance, local talent performing a play, a cinema programme, or maybe a rustic banquet. Through the year the hall has been the focus of village life, its parliament, its horticultural hall, its "pier pavilion," serving the communal purposes for which the nave of the village church was used in the Middle Ages. But in a large proportion of villages there is still no hall, in spite of the obvious need in these times, if the young people are not to drift into the towns, for reasonable means of entertaining themselves at home. For some years past the National Council of Social Service has administered a fund provided by the Development Commission and the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust to assist the building of village halls by means of loans and grant-aid. Over 350 halls have been built in this way, at a total cost of about £300,000, of which £57,000 has been loaned to the villages and repaid without a single default, and about £40,000 in grants has been voted by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. This means that in all £260,000 has been found by the villages themselves.

During the last twelve months loans have also been available for improvements to village halls. In the future, owing to the generosity of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees, improvement schemes will be eligible for grant-aid as well. The type of scheme eligible for assistance includes extensions to an existing building, the installation of heating, lighting or sanitary systems, and certain improvements designed, for instance, to make a hall more suitable for stage performances, physical training classes, or to meet the requirements of the licensing authorities. Generally speaking, the amount of grant will be up to one-sixth and the amount of interest-free loan up to one-third of the cost of the scheme, with a maximum grant of £75, and a maximum loan of £175. In the case of small villages with a population of less than 400, which might find it difficult, if not impossible, to raise sufficient funds either to build a hall or to improve an existing hall, the Trust have agreed to increase the proportion of grant-aid up to one-third of the cost of the scheme.

It is believed that these additional facilities will enable villages to carry out many long-needed improvements to their halls, or, where a village has no hall at all, will act as a source of encouragement to start a building scheme which will be a permanent addition to the life of the community. Further particulars can be obtained from the local Rural Community Council secretary or the National Council of Social Service, 26, Bedford Square, W.C.1.

COUNTRY NOTES



A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

AFTER the distressing events of the past few weeks, Christmas cannot fail to be at least by comparison a happy season this year. While enjoying its traditional good cheer, the protagonists in those historic scenes cannot be absent from our thoughts, and we shall wish them all peace after the storm. To Queen Mary, with our new King and Queen and the little Princesses gathered together at Sandringham, the Empire gives its heartfelt greetings, warmed by sympathy for all they have gone through since King George spoke his last Christmas broadcast. And with them shall we not all join in a thankful "God speed you" to the man who has been at the helm throughout these tragic days? May Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, spending the holiday quietly at Astley Hall, have peace and happiness, and not only this year. The thought that one day he would be able to live in his beloved home in Worcestershire must have made it easier for Mr. Baldwin to bear the burden which he has shouldered so long and so stoutly. When he lays it down, may he long enjoy the retirement which has been his dearest wish.

"AS IN KING GEORGE'S DAYS"

THE KING could have given no more cheering news to his people than the assurance that he intends to preserve the Royal associations with sport and the countryside. The King's racing stables are to be maintained "as in the reign of King George V," and so is the establishment at Balmoral. Their Majesties' affection for Scotland and Scottish pursuits is familiar. They will take full advantage of the first-class sport offered by Balmoral. As to Sandringham, no definite statement has been made whether the farms announced as being let by King Edward can be taken in hand again. But there is no doubt that His Majesty's personal tastes, like those of his father, are strongly in favour of the countryside and for maintaining his family's traditional reputation as good farmers and landowners.

GHOSTS AT RAYNHAM

OUR attitude to the extraordinary photograph published on another page of this issue is contained in the note preceding the photographer's account of his experience. After rigorous tests, Mr. Harry Price, hon. secretary of the University of London Psychical Research Committee, cannot account for the phenomenon, which is the more remarkable since the apparition, if such indeed it be, is not regarded as the "Brown Lady" of Raynham. The house, of which a photograph is given above, was last illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, November 14th and 21st, 1925. It was built by Sir Roger Townshend in *circa* 1620, largely from his own designs, but was altered by William Kent to its present arrangement in 1730, for the famous "Turnip" Townshend, the statesman and agricultural reformer. Townshends were living in the neighbourhood in the fourteenth century, and formed the present estate in Henry VIII's reign, though the old house was on a different site from that built by Sir Roger.

CHRISTMAS PARCELS

THERE is something agreeably staggering about statistics on a colossal scale, especially when they relate to Christmas; and the Great Western Railway has been issuing some particulars of its Christmas freights which make the reader feel overwhelmed and over-eaten before that festival has begun. We are told, for instance, that from the station at Exeter there are being despatched 300 tons of holly and Christmas trees, meat, poultry, and mincemeat; while from Grange Court alone there will be sent 100,000 Christmas trees. Stratford-on-Avon is sending a little matter of 350 tons of beer; and from Fishguard there will be running regularly "turkey trains" laden with Irish poultry and pork. Such noble quantities are worthy of that Roman emperor who Mr. Boffin believed to be rightly called "Vittle'us"; and yet they only represent some of the freights of one great railway. A sum in the nature of rule of three would give a notion of the total amount of good things which the total amount of trains must be carrying for Christmas. One more trainload ought to be added. We are told that many bundles of boots and clothes are arriving at Cardiff for the destitute areas in the valleys. Let us hope that they will have some of the holly and the turkeys as well.

SPORTING LECTURES FOR YOUTH

"YOUNG gentlemen," said the waiter to David Copperfield, "has generally been overdosed with 'taters'; and they have often had quite as large a dose as they desire of coaching in games at school. In the matter of sport it is otherwise; they pick this up more casually in the holidays, and those of them who are really keen would often welcome a little instruction. There ought, therefore, to be a large public of boys and girls for a series of sporting lectures to be given during the Christmas holidays under the auspices of the British Field Sports Society. A picture can often do, in point of technique, what the spoken word cannot, and the lectures will be illustrated by lantern slides. The young angler will have a particularly good time, for there are no fewer than three lectures on the subject—bait fishing for coarse fish, the elements of fly fishing, and sea fishing, by Mr. T. A. Waterhouse, Mr. John Rennie, and Dr. Gordon Reeve (well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE) respectively. Major V. D. G. Williams, Chairman of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, will talk about fox hunting, and will be reinforced by Mr. S. P. B. Mais on the joys of hunting on foot. The young shooter will hear Major Gerald Burrard on shotguns and their uses. Here is altogether a rich feast of learning in a very pleasant form.

BLIZZARD

If now through a winter dusk
Your steps were bent
To our own fireside, where I
Was your heart's content—
The howl of this grim North-caster
And the snow
Would be April birds
And a blossoming tree ablown!

LESLEY GREY.

A CHILDREN'S PONY COMMITTEE

SECRETARIES of horse shows up and down the country have long been puzzled by the problem of the young gentleman in the children's class whose age remains thirteen for three years running—a Peter Pan-like tendency only slightly less perplexing than the number of children whose birthdays have occurred on the day of the show. To deal with these and other anomalies in the children's pony classes, a meeting, called last week at Tattersall's, resolved to form a committee under the aegis of the National Pony Society. This will have the additional advantage of ensuring that the native breeds will be given the support that they deserve. Both owners and breeders of ponies, and the children who ride them, can look forward confidently to an improvement in the conditions of which they have lately had cause to complain. But, as Major Faudel-Phillips has pointed out, it is no use expecting a change before the show season of 1938.

HOUNDS NOT POISONED BY SEED DRESSING

SERIOUS allegations were made at the end of last month that no fewer than thirty-one hounds of the Craven Hunt had died as the result of poison picked up by them when running over land dressed with a powder containing mercury. The statement was realised to be absurd by those with any scientific knowledge, for the hounds would have had to eat the whole of the dressed seed from an acre of land to consume even a minimum fatal dose of mercury. And as the seeds were buried, they would have had to dig up every seed! The Ministry of Agriculture has diagnosed the cause of death to have been anthrax and distemper. Surviving hounds were found to be suffering from distemper, and a cow, the carcass of which was supplied to the kennels just before the hounds' illness, was found to have died "in circumstances highly suggestive of anthrax."

WESTMINSTER THROUGH THE CENTURIES

IN connection with their town-planning Report, which has now been completed, the Westminster City Council have been holding an exhibition illustrating the growth of town-planning ideas within their boundaries over the past three or four hundred years. Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden, two of the earliest planned squares, are both in Westminster. These and several of the eighteenth century squares were illustrated by old prints. But perhaps most interesting were the projects that have never materialised—the Victoria Street which was to have been a great crescent and to have had squares and terraces laid out between it and the Park, early schemes for double-decker roads and overhead railways (the trains apparently stopping at your door), and—appalling thought!—the railway that was to have run through Hyde Park. A section of the exhibition having a special topicality at the moment was that illustrating the gradual opening up of Parliament Square and Whitehall.

A CASUAL COMMENTARY ON COSINESS

"SOWNS, does it?" said Wardle.

"Rough, cold night, Sir," replied the man, "and there's a wind got up that drifts it across the field in a thick white cloud."

That last sentence—need I say that it comes from the Dingley Dell chapters?—seems to me to condense all the joys of Christmas, in perhaps their one wholly unquestionable form. There is no one with soul so dead that he does not appreciate the transcendent delights of staying warm indoors, and there is nothing which is so essential to their enjoyment as the sound of the wind. A clear frosty night is all very well in its way; there is nothing to be said against the stars; but there must be a wind, and, that it may attain its full poignancy, there must be trees near the house through which it may whistle. If I were to add that they must be beech trees I should be going too far; that is a personal predilection of my own, because at each of the two houses of which I have been fondest there was a tall beech tree close to my window and the wind played upon its branches as on a stringed instrument. So long as the trees be homely and haunted, everyone can choose them to his own taste.

It happened, the other night as I sat by the fire—a fire not worthy, perhaps, of Manor Farm, but yet crackling and cheerful in its modest way—that the talk turned in this direction. It did so naturally because the wind was at that moment in full career without, sometimes roaring farther and farther away into the distance till there came a sudden and exciting silence, sometimes making, in the Stevensonian phrase, "an infinite melancholy piping," sometimes again beating the rain against the window as if it would batter its way through. I condoned with one of my companions in that the noise made her unhappy, whereas it made me supremely happy. I said, with perhaps a cheap magnanimity, that I was sorry she missed so much. She replied that the difference was this: the wind made her think how horrid it must be outside, whereas it made me think how pleasant it was inside. This remark cast a new light on the matter and made me feel for a while more than usually ashamed of myself as a selfish and pleasure-loving person. Yet perhaps, on consideration, it is not necessary for us who love that sound of the wind to abase ourselves too utterly. It is not, let us hope, essential to our happiness to think of unfortunate persons with wet feet and umbrellas blown inside out; it is enough—and this is surely a harmless reflection—that our own feet are dry and in bedroom slippers, and that we have no need of umbrellas.

Moreover, at any rate a large part of our enjoyment is not dependent on these practical considerations. It is of a romantic description. Our home is our fastness set on a hill in which we sit snugly and safely, and the wind is our enemy who cannot get in. His bellowings are too formidable to be treated with contempt; indeed, it is part of our happiness that they are frightening, but just not too terrible, so that we feel towards him a respectful defiance. If we snatch a more fearful joy from him at night than in the day time it is because we cannot then see what he is at, and so he becomes the more mysterious; but he can produce something of the same ecstasy even in broad daylight, that ecstasy of staying in for which Christmas stands.

I know very well that I have been wasting my time in trying to say even so much, when I have only to turn to Mr. Chesterton's chapter on "Dickens and Christmas" to find it

said so incomparably better. At any rate, I can now have the fun first of re-reading and then of quoting him. The vision of Christmas comfort, he says, is "far more poetical, properly speaking, than the Garden of Epicurus. . . . It is far more poetical because there is in it a note of defence, almost of war; a note of being besieged in the belly of a fort. The man who said that an Englishman's house is his castle said much more than he meant. The Englishman thinks of his house as something fortified and provisioned, and his very surliness is at root romantic. And this sense would naturally be strongest in wild winter nights, when the lowered portcullis and the lifted drawbridge do not merely bar people out but bar people in."

A house, even without a moat, is beyond question the best place to give this quintessence of cosiness; indeed, there is no adequate substitute, but we can come near to gaining the sensation of defence and defiance in a mere railway train. We rush into the midst of a terrific storm of thunder, heard above the rattle and roar of the flying train, and the rain streams down the windows; but we can see light ahead, and know that soon we shall leave the storm raving impotently behind us and shall race into clear weather. Perhaps that should not be termed the joy of defiance so much as that, not wholly to be despised, of running away. "Envy me, sir," said Mr. Malthus in *The Suicide Club*, "Envy me, sir. I am a coward." Let us take a middle course and call it the joy of safety. A train can produce another sensation of something of the same sort, for which a night journey and a sleeping-car are necessary. It is not amiss to wake up in the uncharted hours and hear not merely the inevitable milk cans, but the voices of those who are boarding our train. "Ha, ha," we say in our snugness, "you can't come in here." That is, however, an unworthy comfort, since it does seem to depend a little on the discomfort of others. It comes too near to proving the diabolical acuteness of my critic on the hearth in that matter of the roaring wind.

Dickens, who was never half-hearted, used in his two most famous Christmas passages almost all the elements of external discomfort to heighten the glories of comfort within. At Dingley Dell there was first a hard frost and then the wind that rumbled so nobly in the chimney and brought the snow with it. In the "Christmas Carol" there was fog and frost. One discomfort, if I may so term it, of our modern Christmas he did not introduce. As I think Mr. Aldous Huxley has lately pointed out, there is at Dingley Dell no mention of Christmas presents. Indeed, although there is a wedding immediately preceding Christmas, there is no mention of presents at all, save of the "rich gold watch and chain which no mortal eyes but the jeweller's had ever beheld before," thrown by Mr. Pickwick round Mrs. Trundle's neck as he saluted her in the vestry. It may be pointed out that Mr. Pickwick, who brought with him half a dozen barrels of oysters and the "implacable" codfish that declined to go into the boot; but these were offerings towards the general festivity of the occasion; they can hardly be called Christmas presents in the more modern and oppressive sense of the term. I am writing before Christmas, when its awful proximity has suddenly dawned upon me, and I must set out on a mad rush to provide myself with the presents I ought to have bought long ago. Therefore it seems to me at the moment that the Pickwickian plan was the better; but by the time these lines are printed I hope to have attained a better and more seasonable frame of mind. B. D.

THE GHOST OF RAYNHAM HALL

AN ASTONISHING PHOTOGRAPH

A genuine case of spirit photography has yet to be proved, those so far investigated either proving to be fakes or impossible to authenticate owing to the absence of witnesses. Yet the following account and illustration of what happened at Raynham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Marquess Townshend, deserves attention, since this particular photograph was taken in the ordinary course of Messrs. Indre Shira's work of photographing Raynham Hall for Lady Townshend, and not under any special circumstances. The case has been investigated by Mr. Harry Price, hon. secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, who can give no explanation of the occurrence but refers to a remarkable coincidence in the article on Ghost Photography that follows this account of the Raynham ghost.

ON September 19th, 1936, Captain Provand, the Art Director of Indre Shira, Limited, Court photographers, of 49, Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1, and I were taking photographs of Raynham Hall. We commenced shortly after eight o'clock in the morning and had taken a large number of pictures of the house and grounds when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we came to the oak staircase.

Captain Provand took one photograph of it while I flashed the light. He was focusing again for another exposure; I was standing by his side just behind the camera with the flashlight pistol in my hand, looking directly up the staircase. All at once I detected an ethereal, veiled form coming slowly down the stairs. Rather excitedly I called out sharply: "Quick! Quick! There's something! Are you ready?" "Yes," the photographer replied, and removed the cap from the lens. I pressed the trigger of the flashlight pistol. After the flash, and on closing the shutter, Captain Provand removed the focusing cloth from his head and, turning to me, said: "What's all the excitement about?"

I directed his attention to the staircase and explained that I had distinctly seen a figure there—transparent so that the steps were visible through the ethereal form, but nevertheless very definite and to me perfectly real. He laughed and said I must have *imagined* I had seen a ghost—for there was nothing now to be seen. It may be of interest to record that the flash from the Sasha bulb, which in this instance was used, is equivalent, I understand, to a speed of one-fiftieth part of a second.

After securing several other pictures, we decided to pack up and return to Town. Nearly all the way back we were arguing about the possibility of obtaining a genuine ghost photograph. Captain Provand laid down the law most emphatically by assuring me that as a Court photographer of thirty years' standing, it was quite impossible to obtain an authentic ghost photograph—unless, possibly, in a *seance* room—and in that connection he had had no experience.

I have neither his technical skill nor long years of practical experience as a portraitist, neither am I interested in psychic phenomena; but I maintained that the form of a very refined



"A TRANSPARENT FIGURE SO THAT THE STEPS WERE VISIBLE THROUGH THE
ETHEREAL FORM"

influence was so real to my eyes that it must have been caught at that psychological moment by the lens of the camera.

"I'll bet you £5," said Captain Provand, with the air of settling the question once and for all time, "that there's nothing unusual on the negative when it is developed."

"And I accept your bet," I replied, shaking hands on the bargain.

When the negatives of Raynham Hall were being developed, I stood beside Captain Provand in the dark-room. One after the other they were placed in the developer. Suddenly Captain Provand exclaimed: "Good Lord! There's something on the staircase negative, after all!" I took one glance, called to him "Hold it, boy!" and dashed downstairs to the chemist, Mr. Benjamin Jones, manager of Blake, Sandford and Blake, whose

premises are immediately underneath our studio. I invited Mr. Jones to come upstairs to our dark-room. He came, and saw the negative just as it had been taken from the developer and placed in the adjoining hypo bath. Afterwards, he declared that had he not seen for himself the negative being fixed, he would not have believed in the genuineness of the picture. Incidentally, Mr. Jones has had considerable experience as an amateur photographer in developing his own plates and films.

Mr. Jones, Captain Provand and I vouch for the fact that the negative has not been retouched in any way. It has been examined critically by a number of experts. No one can account for the appearance of the ghostly figure. But it is there clearly enough—and I am still waiting for payment of that £5!

INDRE SHIRA.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE SPIRITS

By HARRY PRICE

DO the dead return and, if so, can we photograph them? Are ghosts objective and three-dimensional, or are they subjective and mere hallucinations? For thirty years I have been striving to find answers to these questions—and have failed.

Among the varied manifestations investigated by psychical researchers, the alleged phenomenon of "spirit photography" is the least convincing. We are sure that certain gifted persons called dowsers can find hidden water and minerals by means of a hazel twig; we think that telepathy has been demonstrated in the laboratory; we regard it as probable that unseen and mischievous entities known as *Poltergeists* really do throw the crockery about and make a nuisance of themselves in various ways. But we believe that spirit photography simply will not stand up to laboratory methods and cold scientific procedure.

There have been some famous "photographic mediums." The first spirit photographer of whom we have any record was William H. Mumler of Boston (Mass.). He was foolish enough to use the photographs of living persons for the "spirit faces" which appeared on his negatives. They were recognised, and in 1868 he was prosecuted for fraud. A French imitator, Edouard Buguet, was prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned in Paris in 1876 for producing fraudulent spirit photographs. Richard Boursnell (1832-1909), David Duguid (1832-1907), William Hope (1863-1933), and other British photographic mediums have been caught red-handed in fraud. Duguid also produced "spirit" paintings, one of which was found down his trousers when he was forcibly searched in Manchester in 1905. He was then in his seventy-fourth year!



AN OLD-FASHIONED "SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH" BY EDOUARD BUGUET, 1874

Curious as it may seem, fashions have changed in spirit photographs. There was nothing ambiguous about Buguet's hefty visitants from the Summerland. I reproduce a typical specimen, complete with what appears to be a two-dimensional cardboard head. The sitter is wearing a worried look and his Sunday trousers.

Fifty years later, William Hope of Crewe was producing "spirit extras" which were works of art compared with Buguet's crude fakes. After some trouble, in 1922 I managed to obtain a sitting with him. My plates were specially marked and packed for me by the Imperial Dry Plate Company, Limited. I loaded two double dark-slides, one of which I saw Hope surreptitiously change. I said nothing. Four photographs were taken, and on one of them a "spirit" portrait (alleged to be that of my mother) appeared. This plate had been in the slide which Hope substituted, and the Imperial Plate Company informed me that it had not been manufactured by them, as the glass was of a different weight and colour from those supplied to me. I exposed Hope, and quarrelled with Conan Doyle in consequence. I reproduce Hope's masterpiece.

Has a photograph of a genuine apparition ever been secured. I have examined many hundreds of alleged ghost pictures and have not yet obtained that scientific evidence for the supernormal which—quite rightly—orthodoxy demands. But I am not satisfied; distinguished scientists in the past have been convinced that they have photographed real spirits, and among them may be mentioned Sir William Crookes. During 1873-74 Sir William made many experiments with a pretty young medium named Florrie Cook. In the trance state, and in the dark, the



A MODERN "SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH" BY WILLIAM HOPE. Mr. Harry Price and his "mother"



THE SPIRIT "KATIE KING," PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIR WILLIAM CROOKES AT A SEANCE WITH MISS FLORRIE COOK. The "spirit" is just leaving the dark cabinet on the left. 1874

charming Florrie would materialise the equally charming "spirit" who said she was "Katie King," the daughter of a certain John King, a pirate. Sir William Crookes took scores of photographs of the materialised "Katie," and one of them is before the reader. Actually, very few of these pictures have come down to us. Dare we assume that this very eminent scientist was consistently fooled by a young girl?

When the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE kindly submitted to me a photograph of an alleged spirit which, I was informed, had been secured accidentally by Messrs. Indre Shira when photographing the staircase of Raynham Hall, I was extremely interested. It must be admitted that had the photographer first taken the stairs and, without moving the camera, introduced a draped figure into the picture (by the double exposure method), an identical "spirit picture" would have been obtained. I asked to see the negative and, much more important, Mr. Indre Shira and his operator, Captain Provand. We duly met at their studio, and I was invited to cross-examine the photographers. I will say at once that I was impressed. I was told a perfectly simple story: Mr. Indre Shira saw the apparition descending the stairs at the precise moment when Captain Provand's head was under the black cloth. A shout—and the cap was off and the flash-bulb fired, with the result which we now see. I could not shake their story, and I had no right to disbelieve them. Only collusion between the two men would account for the "ghost" if it is a fake. The negative is entirely innocent of any faking.

Strange as the above may appear, it is not the most remarkable part of the story. In *The Listener* for June 26th, 1935, I recounted



A PHOTOGRAPH OF HOUDINI, WITH "SPIRITS," BY A. MARTIN OF DENVER, COLORADO. Two of the "spirits" are recognisable as pictures of Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln

an experience which befell me in an old Shropshire mansion when I was a youth: in fact, my first "case." The article (which is included in my *Confessions of a Ghost-Hunter*, recently published by Putnams) was entitled "The Ghost that Stumbled." I related how, with a boy friend, I tried to photograph an invisible *something* that stumbled up and down a staircase in the mansion, supposed to be haunted by a girl. I set up my camera at the bottom of the staircase, and focussed the lens on the centre stair. Near the camera was a magnesium flash, operated electrically from a near-by room, into which we locked ourselves after extinguishing the lights.

We waited for more than an hour, but were at last rewarded by hearing the thump, thump, thump, ascending the stairs. At the eighth "thump" I let off the magnesium flash, and, whatever it was, it was so startled that it *involuntarily stumbled*! After a moment's hesitation, we rushed out, but found nothing. We were alone in the house, which we thoroughly searched. Nothing abnormal was to be seen on our negative.

It will be noticed that Mr. Indre Shira re-enacted my first "ghost" investigation: the mansion, the stairs, the female apparition, the camera in same position, the magnesium flash, the two photographers—all were paralleled. Even a "dog gate" (to prevent hounds from roaming over the house) is to be found at the top of the Raynham Hall staircase, and I stated in my article that one in a similar position could be seen in the Shropshire mansion. But where Indre Shira scored over me was that he not only saw the ghost, but photographed it as well. I had to be content with an over-exposed picture of nothing in particular!

DUSK AND DAYLIGHT

RETREAT TO LAMPLIGHT

Lock up the casement, for the enchanted shore
With winter darkens. The stooping wings of snow
Feather the arch'd seas. Look out no more.

Inland beats now the nightingale; too slow
Her speed to match her thirst for the warm rose:
Her silent thorn-bough whitens. Let us go.

Come in: heap up the fire: for no man knows,
When the last mermaid sinks below the green,
What ultimate voice creeps freezing from the floes.

Death in these coasts comes lonely and waking-keen,
A wind untempered to mortality.
Lie down, and sleep. We have not known, nor seen . . .

Close the thick curtains against that chanting sea.

MARY CHALLANS.

WINTER FETTLE

Now ways are crisp, and those who ride them
Leave no print where they have passed;
And men who walk with dogs beside them
Sniffing acrid leaf and mast,
Can see, between the branches bare,
Their breath, like smoke, upon the air;
And how each blade of grass is made
A crystal poignard, rime bespray'd.

High on the hillside sheep are scolded
Into ways they would not go;
Rounded up and securely folded
'Gainst the coming frost and snow.
And from the moor the carts return
With peat, the fuel dalesfolk burn:
For man must fend indoors, and spend
His days odd-jobbing till Winter end.

DERIC HARRIS.

BIRDS AT THE BIRD-TABLE



BLUE TIT: STAR ACTOR AMONG THE TIT FAMILY



A GREAT TIT CLASPS A FINGER FIRMLY

BIRDS will become accustomed to the presence and movement of human beings if the bird-table, instead of being placed some distance from the house, is fixed to the window sill and the food containers hung close before the window of a room in constant use.

The advantages of this arrangement are twofold—not only may the birds be watched at close quarters, but the first step has been taken towards gaining their confidence.

The next step is to offer food at the open window, preferably, at first, when the supply in the containers is exhausted and hunger prompts the least timid bird to accept food from the hand.

Other birds will follow this example, and in time many will do so freely and without hesitation, both at the window and also in the garden, where the trust with which they are learning to regard you is shown in various ways. Tits and robins will fly to the hand from container and near-by trees—the more friendly of the tits remaining on the hand to eat their nut; while blackbirds, thrushes, chaffinches, etc., perching on the bird-table and other convenient places, will edge towards you, with outstretched necks, eager to take the offered food, or come to your feet to be fed, according to their individual habit and degree of friendliness.

Such intimacy with birds is not achieved without patience and the devotion of much time, especially in the initial stages; but, meanwhile, the infinite variety of their ways, as they feed at bird-table and containers, is a source of never-failing interest.

Take, for instance, the blue tit, most lively, amusing and pugnacious of all the tit family. See one hanging from bell or coconut full of fat: on the approach of another blue tit he will hang on with one foot and fend off the other bird with the free foot, squealing with rage meanwhile. He will not hesitate to hurl himself at the same coconut or bell if it is occupied by a great tit, hoping by shock tactics to take the larger bird by surprise, dislodge it, and usurp its place; and he is usually successful, even if only temporarily.

He will drop on to the bird-table, whatever other bird or birds occupy it, and will always show fight, if necessary, to retain his place, and sometimes apparently from sheer devilment. Nor is he particular as to the size of his opponent. I have seen him "square up" to thrush or blackbird. In the encounter the bigger bird is clumsy in its actions compared with the tit—perhaps it is not taking the matter seriously—it will merely lower its neck and open its beak; but the blue tit, star actor among the tit family (and they all have great ability in expressing emotion), registers rage and

obstinate pugnacity in every movement. Crouched down close against the board, feathers flattened on his head, wee beak ajar, squealing with anger, he looks ludicrously like a small dog snarling up sideways at a bigger one, conscious of its impotence, but fighting every inch of the ground before being driven off.

If perched on the raised edge of the board, he will slowly shrink down behind it until nothing remains in sight but the tips of his claws, only to slowly raise his still flattened head into view again when the bigger bird's attention is withdrawn, and often thereby securing and carrying off the coveted morsel, right under the enemy's guns, so to speak.

He appears to have a sense of humour, too. I have seen one chased by a robin, dive into a nest box, the entrance of which was too small for the robin, wait inside till the robin withdrew, then, peeping out to see that the coast was clear, slip away till the robin resumed the chase, when he would quickly lead up to the nest box and dive into it again, repeating this performance several times in quick succession, and apparently never seriously trying to get right away from the robin.

When the birds visiting the bird-table become sufficiently tame, they will nest near by, and the whole cycle of their lives may be watched—the bird-table remaining the centre of attraction, the place where all congregate—young and old, one generation after another.

The type of birds frequenting it will vary, of course, according to the locality in which it is situated, and the birds, and their numbers, will vary with the seasons.

Let me try to show you those that come in July to the bird-table of a suburban garden within five miles of Edinburgh.

The window where it is fixed opens out upon a stretch of tree-shaded lawn, on which, at that early hour (for it is best, and most worth while, to visit the birds early), a faint dew will still linger, sparkling in the shafts of sunlight slanting between the leaves, and the air will be still fresh and fragrant with the scent of a new, untarnished day; early as it is, two birds are waiting on the bamboo perch fixed across the window a foot above the sill.

The old thrush is there, placidly expectant: she *knows* she will be fed, some time or other; so, too, does the lame great tit who perches close by her side, resting comfortably, balanced on her one foot and the stump of the other leg. Both birds are facing into the empty room; they brighten up when they see me, and raise their crests in welcome.

The thrush gives a long, luxurious stretch, tip of claw to tip of outstretched wing, while the great tit shakes herself vigorously and scratches her head with the stump of her lame leg—they



A GREAT TIT AT THE BOWL

know that their vigil is over. I open the casement window, hoping to feed thrush and lame tit before the young great tits arrive, but the latter have spotted me already, and here they are, all seven of them, clustering on the hanging food containers, clinging to the edge of the bird-table, and fluttering in front of the window.

As I slowly push it open, one wee impatient bird crouches down and creeps in beneath it, while another flutters on to my wrist. The lame tit goes to her usual post on the top of the window, hops along to the hinge-end and settles down to wait her turn, her craning head nearly touching my own. The thrush and several great tits push in together—the thrush taking oatcake from my hand as I break it up for her. One tit creeps in under my arm and along to where the bowl of nuts is kept, takes one, and slips back and out and away with it; another settles down on my left hand, clasps a finger firmly, and starts on the nut I hold for him. A third, mouth open and wings spread, hisses angrily at the thrush, who ignores him and goes on eating; while yet two more quarrel with each other across my hand for the next nut.

Seizing an opportunity, I hold up a nut to the lame bird, who leans down and takes it gently and flies off with it. The tits below are her own young, but they have outgrown her care, and she and her mate now appear to regard them with a certain apprehension.

The great tits come and go in quick succession; the most friendly stay perched on my hand and eat their nut, the less confiding tugging it from my grasp and taking it to some near-by tree. Some ignore the nut held between thumb and finger, and push their velvety heads into the half-closed hand for one of my reserve supply. From time to time they pause and look up into my face with the most attractive mixture of surprise, curiosity and friendliness, or gently bite my fingers one by one. A young thrush joins its mother on the bird-table, with squawks and gurgles; and the mother, taking oatcake from me, stuffs it down the greedy open beak. A blackbird is fed below the window; if I encouraged him up he would drive off the thrush, and she is too old a friend for that to be allowed. Here is the robin, a new bird who is fast making friends and is already taking food from our hands to his nest in the hedge. His wants supplied, I turn to a pair of waiting cole tits; these are timid with the other tits,



THE OLD THRUSH

who delight in chasing them. So I encourage all the great tits to fly off with their nuts, and hold out some to the cole tits, who take them gently, but very quickly, and disappear with them among the trees.

Now is my chance with the young blue tit, one who has attached himself to the young great tits, and who, after watching their relations with us for a few days, has adopted their habit of coming to our hands for food. He is a bird of individuality and character, no blundering in with the great tits for him! He waits till I hold out a hand pointedly to him, then he looks round carefully and with deliberation flies to my hand. Once there he "stays put," so

to speak. Establishing himself comfortably, he begins to eat the firmly held nut, which he does with ease and amazing rapidity, and, though his beak is so much smaller than a great tit's beak, he gets through a nut more quickly than they do.

Should danger threaten from other tits he does not fly off, but presses his wee body close against my hand, and remains crouching there with flattened head until all danger is passed; then he raises his body, fluffs out his feathers, and continues his feast, leaving me free to look after the chaffinches waiting below. There are three cocks and two hens. Their nesting over, they are at peace with each other, and take without any disputes the nuts I throw to them. One hen always squeals with excitement at each nut thrown until she gets her own.

Close beneath the window two hedge sparrows still wait—patient, unobtrusive birds who, but for the great tits, would be up on the bird-table and easily encouraged to eat from our hands. I drop some crumbled oatcake and talk to them softly; this pleases them, and they show it in the quaint way peculiar to hedge sparrows; they rapidly swish their tails from side to side as they fluff out their feathers and raise their crests in recognition of my notice.

So much for July; in other months there will be other birds to watch, though many stay throughout the years and never leave till nature closes their bright eyes for the last time.

And the ways of all these birds are ways of charm and interest—an ever-growing interest, and a charm beyond the usual charm of birds, for it lies in the disarming trust and friendliness with which these small free creatures accept our ministrations and ourselves as part of their lives.

EDITH TRAILL.

AT THE THEATRE

BARRIE AND BERGNER

ONE of the indefeasible rights of any playwright is to take a theme and do what he likes with it. Of course there are dangers. But the dramatist sees these dangers, and his play is a success if his new presentation or vision is so dazzling as to blind us or at least make us indifferent to discrepancy. Sir James Barrie in treating the old story of David has courted danger in the sense of having run all the way to meet it. The programme, thinking it unwise to presume too much upon our knowledge of Old Testament history, tells us that the people of David's day lived three thousand years ago. Now what was the state of civilisation in Israel at the time when the Early Britons were debating whether or not to lay in a fresh stock of woad? It is argued that the Israelites were very little better than savages. But a play about savages is hardly the kind of entertainment which is to be relied upon to fill His Majesty's Theatre for six months, or whatever period may be imagined as Mr. Cochran's acme of desirability. Therefore, said Sir James Barrie to himself—and it is not to be denied that Sir James's holding in the quality of being canny is at least equal to his sentimental mastery—therefore any play about the Israelites in the Old Testament must not be a play about savages. There is a much vaunted passage in "The Boy David," now produced with alarms, excursions, fanfares, and a great deal of shawmage and psaltery, in which Saul and David, at their first introduction and unaware of each other's identity, talk what can only be described as shepherd-shop. I am afraid that I didn't believe a word of this. I might have believed it if the play had been cast in the convention of M. André Obey which is timeless and where the very air we breathe is anachronistic. But the intention of this play is, so far as I can see, realistic, and for this the elaborate representational scenery of Mr. Augustus John is largely to praise or blame. In Sir James

Barrie's version Saul and David are supposed to be a pair of real people, just as we must believe the lion David is supposed to have killed to have been a real snarling brute of a lion instead of the benignly smiling beast which M. Obey would have provided. The fashion seems to me to be growing for taking old legends and representing them in such a way that a modern audience may believe in their credibility.

M. Michel Saint-Denis in his recent production of "The Witch of Edmonton" at the Old Vic. asked us to accept the Dog not as the actual representative of the Devil and in his doggishness amusing in a mediaval way, but as a symbol of the conflict between good and evil in the spectator's soul! Such a producer fails to see that the whole point of an incredible legend is its incredibility. Whoever wrote the Old Testament undoubtedly intended us to believe that the lion slain by David was a real lion, and only slain by David because of his supervaliance as a man. Sir James having handicapped himself by adapting the character of David to conform to Miss Elisabeth Bergner's adumbrations of the elfin can only solve the difficulty of the lion-slaying by suggesting that David's super-strength on this occasion was spiritual rather than material. Reading the Old Testament I do not find the slightest justification for any such argument. I imagine that whoever in the first place set down the legend in writing expected us to believe it and would have been less disturbed by a flat refusal than by an attempt to explain it in another way. This radical fault of tampering with a great legend to suit the principal exponent of it goes through the whole play. We just do not believe that the Boy David is going to grow up into the great ruler, the great amorist, the great poet who wrote the Psalms. He is just a charming child whom Mr. A. A. Milne would at any time have suggested as a delightful companion for Christopher Robin. That being so,

our interest in the piece as stage history disappears. All, then, that it is incumbent upon us to consider is how good the play is as entertainment. The first act is exquisite, the second is so-so, and the third tails off into a series of visions dreamt by David and inducing an exposition of sleep in the audience.

There is a fine performance of *Saul* by Mr. Godfrey Tearle,

but in the circumstances the piece must stand or fall by the extent to which you are ravished by Miss Bergner's personal fascination. I think a fair judgment might be that whereas David, as a historical impersonation, does not even begin, the charm of Miss Bergner's combined whimsy and pathos knows no end.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE WHIMSICAL 'SEVENTIES

By EDWARD KNOBLOCK

NOT so very long ago, at one of the public salerooms, there appeared the portrait of a lady dressed in the height of fashion of the First Empire. Oddly enough, an astute dealer thought that in the artist's treatment of the face and throat he recognised the brushwork of Gainsborough. But how could this possibly be the case, seeing that Gainsborough had died in 1788 and the dress and classic curls of the lady clearly pointed to the taste of 1810? The astute dealer had solved the riddle. He bought the picture for a mere trifle and cleaned away the later fashions, revealing beneath them the powdered headdress and brocaded bodice of George III's days.

At some later date the lady had evidently had her original portrait redressed. Thirty years had rendered the taste of her youth ridiculous in her eyes. She had remembered Lady Teazle's witty retort to her husband: "Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?" and altered her appearance accordingly, yet taking good care to preserve the youthful looks of her features.

A very human document—the history of this portrait. Very human and very feminine. For fashion ever rules the female heart until some fresh fashion comes to usurp the former love's place.



FREDERICK GUSTAVUS BURNABY, 1870. The National Gallery

At times the change is almost imperceptible. At others, political upheavals and great historical events produce such sharp division between two succeeding periods that they appear to be practically unrelated to each other.

Such was, of course, the case between the "patch and powder" and the Empire periods—due to the sweeping changes produced by the French Revolution. Such in our own day has been the extreme difference in women's fashion before and after the Great War. From the hobbled helplessness of the early half of 1914 to the bold, kilt-like skirt which bared the female knee in 1918, there is a gap in standards of woman's taste, only to be explained by the completely altered outlook on life produced by four years of disrupting influences of a thousand kinds.

Such another change, though in a considerably less marked degree, occurred after the Franco-Prussian War, when the downfall of the Second Empire put an end to an age of pomp and grandeur and introduced in its place an epoch of fancy and picturesqueness—the ultra-feminine in fashion, which, in place of the solemn bell-like crinolines of Eugénie's Court, sought inspiration in the style of the latter part of Louis XV's reign. Heavy silks and velvets were discarded for taffetas, organdies, laces, and flounces, such as had first been introduced under the voluptuous sway of Mme du Barry.

For the styles of the 'seventies in many ways reflect the modes of the scented boudoirs of Trianon. They are obviously a paraphrase of those earlier times, superimposed upon a model which has discarded the *panier*, but in endless details continually recalling Watteau, Greuze, Moreau le Jeune, St. Aubin, and other amiable artists who have left us those exquisite glimpses of eighteenth century life and manners in their masterly paintings and engravings.

It is this note of fantasy and whimsicality that is most marked in the fashion of the 'seventies. The woman is dominated by her dress—made a prisoner by her bows and frills, and by her very capture sets out to capture man.

And this characteristic of the period it is which relates Tissot to the artists of the eighteenth century. True, his women and men are, of necessity, set against a different background. But in spite of that there is the same kind of tender melancholy running through his scenes that one finds in some of the *fêtes champêtres* of a hundred years before—the same sense of unheard music—the snatch of a ballad, sad and sentimental, which accompanies



AUTUMN ON THE THAMES
The property of the Right Hon. Malcolm Macdonald



"TOO EARLY," 1873. The Guildhall Art Gallery

the meeting of his favourite characters. For the people in his pictures are always the same—the same lovely lady, languid, with vaguely searching eyes and an imperious little mouth ; the same eager, handsome young man ; the same sedate, white-whiskered old gentleman ; the same burly, round-faced John Bull. They weave as varied a set of situations in his silent plays as the traditional characters of the Italian *Commedia del Arte* did in theirs. Now they are meeting and making love, now parting for ever ; now indulging in a picnic under gentle chestnut trees, now gazing out on a tangle of masts and rigging from the trim deck of a little steamer. Occasionally they attend a concert at some distinguished house. But the easy life of "Vulgar Society," as Ruskin so heavily labelled Tissot's world, is really more to their fancy. They are inhabitants of the coast of Bohemia that get their clothes and hats at the best shops in Bond Street. They know the pleasantnesses of life—but also its griefs.

Mr. James Laver, in his charming book—*Vulgar Society* (Constable, 10s.6d.)—has tried to unravel the identities of these actors of a summer's day. It is an odd thing that less than forty years have passed since Tissot's death (he died in 1902), and yet it seems almost impossible to glean any fresh details of his life. Who the lovely lady was that inspired his pictures is as shrouded in the silence of the past as the lives of the Elizabethan dramatists. Why they separated and he left London to devote himself to religious paintings, is almost an equal mystery. But perhaps I am able to lift a little corner of the veil.

Mr. Laver has pointed out that in one of Tissot's later, if not his last picture in London, the lady looks unnaturally large-eyed and her cheeks appear noticeably thinner. I can give the reason for this. Some years ago, when I tried to gather details on Tissot's life, I received a letter from an old lady of eighty. She wrote me that her father had taken her to Tissot's house just after the latter had fled from England. In the studio there were still his paints, his brushes, and several untouched canvases. In the garden the old gardener was burning the mattress from the bed of the mysterious lady. She had died of consumption. Thirty years before the "Dame aux camélias" had died a similar death and Alexander Dumas fils had made an immortal play of her. But no one ever asked what became of her poor lover, Armand Duval. He has vanished into the dust of oblivion.

We, at least, are fortunate in possessing the paintings of this other unhappy lover. They are the record of a graceful and gracious decade in England, which is as far removed from us as

the high-steppers of a tandem are from the propellers of an aeroplane.

These paintings, though their merit is not of the highest, have the advantage over modern art, of placing the artist's personality *behind* their subject and not making his expression of self of paramount importance. I purposely say "advantage." For these latter-day conversation-pieces have now become invaluable to anyone who wishes to recapture the manners and moods of the decade they depict. What faithful documents have we by a living painter's brush that will teach the future how we of to-day lived and loved?



OFFICERS AND LADIES ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. CALCUTTA (circa 1877)
The property of Samuel Courtauld, Esq.

These paintings by James Tissot are reproduced from "Vulgar Society," by James Laver (Constable, 10s. 6d.)

A CUMBERLAND WINTER'S TALE

A Review by ISABEL BUTCHART

George and Sarah Green. A Narrative, by Dorothy Wordsworth. (The Clarendon Press, 5s.)

To this day nothing more desolate can be imagined than the Cumberland hills on a winter evening: a grey flurry of snow in the air and grey curves of snow all around, where the mountain slopes rise and fall. And to this day nothing is so radiant, so young, so poignantly lovely as spring among the same hills. Dorothy Wordsworth's white flower of a book tells a tragedy of the snow and is a vivid and trustworthy record of a country life which has passed away for ever from a countryside eternally the same.

She wrote it because her brother William begged for "a minute detail of all the particulars," and she refused to publish it because "the events are too recent to be published in delicacy to others as well as to the children. . . . Thirty or forty years hence . . . perhaps—"

So said Dorothy, more than thrice forty years ago. And here, for the first time, is her book.

This is the story she tells. On Saturday, March 19th, 1808, George and Sarah Green, his wife, set off through the snow from their lonely little home under the mountain in Easedale, near Grasmere, to go to Langdale—and never came back. They had a large family, five of whom were left in the cottage, the eldest of the five being eleven years old.

George Green was a "statesman," the name in the dales for those who owned even the tiniest bit of land. He was desperately poor, his few fields were heavily mortgaged, but a statesman could claim no parish relief, and a statesman was too proud to beg. "We have no tea, but very good *tealeaves*," said his wife with much spirit, trying to persuade a visiting daughter to stay the night. One of the children regularly walked two miles to the Wordsworths' house for them. Dorothy Wordsworth could not imagine how the Greens managed to live at all. "They used to sell a few peats in the summer, which they dug out of their own hearts' heart, their Land."

From Saturday noon to Monday noon the children waited patiently. The eldest little girl managed the poor meals, looked after the unweaned baby, wound up the clock and kept the little fire smouldering day and night, a most important duty in such weather as there wasn't a tinder-box in the house and the nearest neighbours lived on the other side of the dale. On Monday at noon one of the little boys went to these people to borrow a cloak for his sister, so that she might go to Langdale in search of their parents.

Up jumped the startled man of the house and spread the alarm, and a long search in the snow was begun which continued all Tuesday. "It was like a sabbath in the vale," writes Dorothy, "for all who were able to climb had left their usual work." On Wednesday came a thaw and the bodies were found with the melting of the snow. George and Sarah had been known to leave Langdale about five o'clock on Saturday and, crossing the fells, had lost their way in a fog or snow-storm and had died, it was thought, about midnight.

Meanwhile neighbours had gone to look after the poor children, and had found in the house a few potatoes, a very little meal, a very little bread, and some dried mutton meant to last for months.

Yet the large funeral was carried out with country state. "A threepenny loaf of bread was dealt out to each of the Guests. Mary (Wordsworth) was unwilling to take hers . . . she immediately, however, perceived that she ought to accept it. . . . The funeral procession was very solemn, passing through the solitary valley of Easedale." The coffins would be carried on men's shoulders and the wives would carry the bearers' hats. We do so to this day.

A fund was opened for the benefit of the children. Everybody in the neighbourhood, however poor, sent a subscription (the smallest was a threepenny bit), as did many well known people from far away, for the tragedy had aroused sympathy all over England. The subscription book, the committee book, the account books and receipted bills covering more than twenty years are preserved in Dove Cottage and Professor Ernest de Selincourt in his long and wonderfully interesting preface to Dorothy's narrative tells us much about the working of this "model of simple act of charity wisely conceived and scrupulously administered."

The children were boarded out in kindly homes, taught to read and write, and suitable situations were found for them later. The girls all married good husbands. When Hannah, the youngest orphan, reached the age of twenty-one the balance in the hands of the committee, so well had the money been invested, allowed sixty pounds to be given to each brother and sister, and the trust was wound up. But Dorothy, writing a few weeks after the tragedy, foresaw nothing of this. With her usual simplicity and unconscious art she told the story of settling the little children in their new homes—a darling story. Those of us who love Dorothy must buy the book at once and place it beside her "Journal."

Bright Ghost, by Joseph Braddock. (Cresset Press, 7s. 6d.)

IT comes perhaps a little as a shock that the early memories of a man who was much too young to fight in the Great War should have such an air of strangeness and distance from to-day as have these recounted in this, one would suppose, autobiographical volume. They cover

only a few years, and begin when he and his brother, as little boys, travelled north to spend a snowy Christmas with their grandparents. The simple, friendly family life which he describes will surely remind many middle-aged persons of Christmases of their youth; the portrait of his maternal grandfather, who loved poetry and had the noblest and soundest philosophy, and yet could be terrifying if grandchildren interrupted his reading of the daily paper, is a rare achievement. One interesting thing about that Christmas visit was that the child Mark, of whom it tells, saw a ghost, and the story is so simply and naturally told that it carries perfect conviction. The book ends when Mark is still at his preparatory school and the guns in France are to be heard while one fields at cricket. Mr. Braddock is a poet with a poet's power of making his own vision visible to his readers, and his book will charm every reader of his own generation and the two before it.

Living China. Edited by Edgar Snow. (Harrap, 8s. 6d.)

THERE is something so poignant about the circumstances in which these stories of "living China" were produced that, after reading a few of them, we come to dread the brief biographical note introducing each young writer. What will it be this time? Is the author still alive? Or shall we read of death, imprisonment, torture, ominous disappearance, or life lived in danger and in hiding? With the strange mixture of thoroughness and stupidity common to Nazis and Fascists, the Chinese authorities are resolved on accomplishing the impossible namely, "thought purgation"; so that in China, too, a man now writes at the risk of his life. It is astonishing to see what good work has been done in conditions like these; gratitude is due to Mr. Edgar Snow for making some of it accessible to English readers. The book consists of striking examples of short stories written since the Chinese literary renaissance of 1917. The oldest of the authors, by twenty years or so, is Lu Hsün, a man now fifty-five and famous, yet compelled to live in retirement; some of the youngest, including girls, were killed in their early twenties. There is talent, variety, and passion in the book; out of it emerges such a picture of part modern, part ancient China as no single author could paint. To read these stories is to realise that "living," in its fullest sense, is the right adjective for the China of to-day, and that no repression will be able to kill China's to-morrow.

Our Princesses and Their Dogs, by Michael Chance. (Murray, 2s. 6d.) THIS will—there is no doubt about it—be the picture book with the largest sale this Christmas, for its appearance just as George VI ascends the throne makes such a happy record of His Majesty's home life up till now as will be a delight and even an encouragement to everyone. In any case, the excellent letterpress, the many pages of photographs by Studio Lisa and its subject—Royal children and their dogs—would have made it attractive, but now it is something much more. The little Princesses romping with their dogs in the garden at Windsor or in the garden at their Piccadilly home, peeping out of the windows of Princess Elizabeth's own little toy house, or joined by their father and mother with the whole eight dogs of His Majesty's household, form a series of pictures of simple, unaffected family life, unspoiled children and happy parenthood, of which the nation in these difficult days must be charmed to catch a glimpse.

MODES IN MURDER

The Brothers Sackville, Fred and Alfred, were in very different circumstances. Alfred was a struggling commercial traveller, Fred a prosperous business man married to an heiress. John Ainsworth, the miserly brother from whom she would inherit, was murdered, and things looked not too good for Alfred, the indigent Sackville, whose blackmailing letter was found in the dead man's study. And then Alfred disappeared, and the industrious but narrow-minded Inspector Fairford had a difficult trail to follow. Mr. and Mrs. Cole's new book (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.) is their best for some time: ingenious, well characterised, and with a fair but lively surprise at the end. There is the usual dig at the Tory mentality, and the police are not quite the genial gods of the ordinary detective story. Mr. Freeman Wills Croft, in *Man Overboard* (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.), has given us another baffling and beautifully worked out mystery, with some particularly likely and likeable characters. Two Irish chemists discover a chemical process which will mean untold wealth; a young lawyer and his fiancée and her godfather supply the backing; a London firm sends a man to investigate; and he, having discovered the secret of the process, disappears from the Channel steamer on the way home. Such a situation provides a pretty crop of motives, and it takes Chief Inspector French months of patient investigation to find out the truth. Another very workmanlike and attractive story is *Bury Him Darkly*, by Henry Wade (Constable, 7s. 6d.). Detective-Inspector Poole is one of the pleasantest of murder-story policemen; and the fact that in this story he commits an indiscretion which costs the life of a colleague does not make him less so. He is engaged on a chase which starts with jewel robberies and leads to murder in a particularly gruesome form. Mr. Wade does not skimp the details of police routine, but he makes them interesting by a very human and attractive way of writing. Mr. H. C. Bailey, in *Clue for Mr. Fortune* (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), has given us his honey-tongued detective in six doses. These are short stories, excitingly named—"The Dead Leaves" and "The Wistful Goddess," for instance—and executed with a romantic proficiency which makes them very readable indeed. It almost looks as if the mantle of Father Brown might fall on Mr. Fortune; he has the same almost aesthetic and very serious horror at the ugliness of murder: the same habit of falling in with bizarre mythological circumstances: and, if he is not murdered himself by the estimable Bell for saying "My dear chap—oh, my dear chap" once too often, he should flourish to an old age even more mellow than the mellifluous youth. A. C. H.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

Paganini, by Jeffrey Pulver (Herbert Joseph, 2s. 6d.); *Portrait of My Mother*, by Sir John Simon (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.); *The Epicure's Anthology of Banquets*, by Nancy Quennell (Golden Cockerel Press, 7s. 6d.); *Fiction: Wild Harbour*, by Ian MacPherson (Methuen, 7s. 6d.); *The Fool and the Tractor*, by Lennox Kerr (Collins, 7s. 6d.); *Verse: The Tale of the Golden Cockerel*, by Pushkin (Golden Cockerel Press, 3s. 6d.).

RELICS OF ANGORA'S ANCIENT SPLENDOUR A LINK WITH THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY

PROMINENTLY as Ankara, the modern Turkish capital under the Kemalist régime, figures in the public eye to-day by reason of its phenomenal growth, with the resultant formation of a bustling city of spacious boulevards, imposing Government buildings, embassies, legations, and hotels *de luxe*, my impression remains that the history of ancient Angora has been largely, if not entirely, overlooked, its sole popular claim to renown having been generally supposed to have been confined to the breeding of goats, rabbits, and cats!

This is not as it should be, since its early history is in reality scarcely less interesting than that of the world-famous capital of the Osmanli sultans, the erstwhile city of Constantine the Great.

While modern Ankara lies spread out upon the plain below, the romantic old walls and fortifications of the ancient citadel still stand to-day, grimly defiant, partly surmounting the very apex of the hill which rises some 500ft. to the east. Erected originally in the year 25 B.C., these picturesque remains have naturally been restored and re-built both during the Roman and Greek epochs, as also by the Seljuki and Osmanli Turks; but the date of the formation of the earliest town upon the site of this historic hill is unknown. Certain it is, however, that a city, powerful and prosperous, existed under the name of Ancyra at the time of the Phrygians, which later became the chief town of a Gaulish tribe known as the Tectosages about the year 200 B.C. When,

however, the province of Galatea came under the sway of Rome, the name Ancyra was changed to Sebaste (*i.e.*, "respected"), in honour of the Emperor Augustus Caesar, and it was during the Roman epoch (25 B.C.-324 A.D.) that the city attained the zenith of its fame.

Of the relics still existing at the base of the hill, incomparably the most beautiful is the gate of the Temple of Augustus. Erected by the kings and tetrarchs of Galatea in honour of the great Caesar, its superb lines and decorative detail compare favourably even with the monuments of Rome itself. The Temple was once used as a church, of which several remains exist, while it has become famous not so much on account of its architectural beauty as by reason of the unique inscription—the Marmor Ancyranum—the Latin text (shown here) of which is to be seen on the inside of the "anta," the Greek translation being found upon the outer wall of the "cella." While this inscription constitutes the official biography of the Emperor, in which are glowingly recounted his deeds and conquests, most appropriate at this season is the allusion to that famous edict contained in the age-old Gospel story:

And it came to pass in these days that there went out a decree from Cesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city. Thus it came about that Joseph and Mary journeyed from Nazareth to Bethlehem, the City of David where the Holy Child was born.

CECIL KING.



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF AUGUSTUS



THE MARMOR ANCYRANUM, LINKED WITH THE HOLY FAMILY'S JOURNEY TO BETHLEHEM
The inscription alludes to Augustus's edict that "all the world should be taxed, each in his own city"



Begun in 1788 by the first Earl of Belmore from designs by James Wyatt, work was going on for ten years, a veritable factory being established, with artificers brought from Dublin and London, full accounts for whose work survive.

THE last decade of the eighteenth century was distinguished by a taste in decorative design that appeals to many people to-day as perfect. In the hands of Henry Holland, design attained an exquisite refinement beside which the work of the Adams often looks over-elaborate, and that of their predecessors clumsy. Real knowledge of the principles of design enabled what was meretricious or redundant to be pared away, leaving only the essential members of a design to be treated with a grace and assurance bred of a century's accumulated sensibility. The movement led by Fox away from pomposity and periwigs had something to do with this cult of elegance, but much is also due to the inspiration given by the discovery of Greek art, whereas "antiquity" had hitherto been limited to Rome, and mostly later Roman work at that. Subsequently the cult of Hellenism was carried too far: Parthenons sprang up for most inappropriate purposes, Propyleas attempted to grace bleak Scottish crags, cheek by jowl with revivals of native Gothic or even more exotic introductions like the Brighton Pavilion. But so long

as Holland lived, enjoying the Prince Regent's favour, architecture was balanced upon one of its rare peaks of achievement.

James Wyatt, an older man, is less closely connected with this phase than his younger rival. His earlier work aimed at eclipsing the Adams on their own ground, and he subsequently identified himself with the rising taste for Gothic, acquiring his knowledge of mediæval architecture through his restorations of various cathedrals. But he also reacted to the vogue of the 'nineties, and Castlecoole is his outstanding achievement in this period. The mausoleum at Brocklesby (COUNTRY LIFE, lxxv, page 218) is the principal representative of this phase of his career in England.

The interiors of Castlecoole are the more interesting for two facts. In this remote corner of Ireland work of exceptional delicacy was executed entirely on the spot by gangs of imported artificers who, between them, seem to have constituted a veritable factory. For instance, the joiners, besides making all the window frames, doors, the wooden columns of the lobby, and the floors, were also responsible for much of the furniture.



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1.—THE GREAT PORTLAND STONE HOUSE, FROM THE SOUTH

"Country Life"

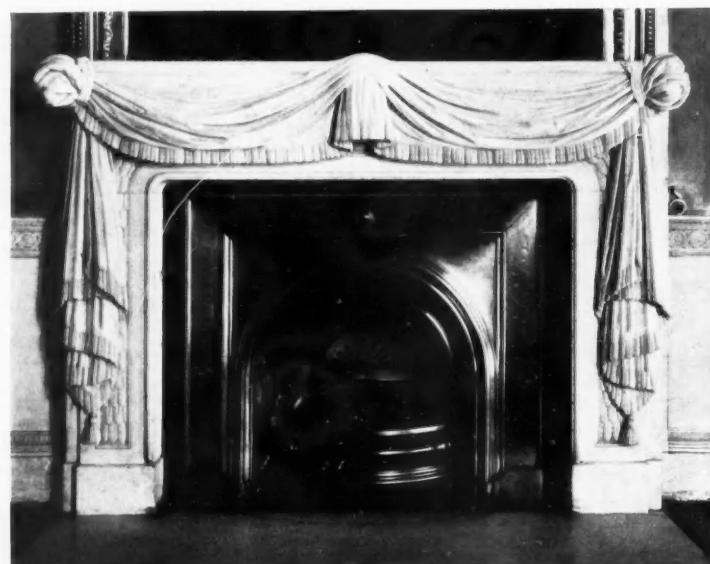
2.—THE CIRCULAR SALOON, AS FURNISHED BY THE SECOND EARL OF BELMORE, *circa* 1810

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"Country Life"

3.—GREY SCAGLIOLA PILASTERS, CRIMSON UPHOLSTERY AND GILT FURNITURE IN THE SALOON

The second point to bear in mind is that the magnificent gilt furniture in the saloon and in the drawing-room, which has already been the subject of a special article, was mostly acquired by the second Earl of Belmore. The cost of building had far exceeded the expectations of his father, who had intended to build out of income, and in 1812, ten years after his death, his debts were put down at £70,000. The second Earl, as a successor has described, "mainly furnished the house, his father having done very little in that way." This will have been in the opening years of the nineteenth century. Between 1816 and 1818 Lord Belmore took a protracted tour to the Mediterranean in his yacht *Osprey*, and some at least of his furniture seems to be of Continental origin. It fits in remarkably well with Wyatt's decoration, each enhancing the other, even though the result is not quite such a perfect example of "period" as it looks at first sight. The oval saloon (Figs. 2 and 3), opposite the front door across the large oblong entry hall, is the most impressive apartment. Its grey, black, and white mottled scagliola pilasters, crimson silk hangings and upholstery, and resplendent gilt furniture, give it a richness more typical of Continental *Empire* than of English Regency. For the scagliola, Dominic Bartoli was procured, arriving in July, 1794. A Giuseppe Bartoli (1717-90) had done the scagliola pillars of the rotunda at Kedleston. Dominic worked on these and the pillars of hall and staircase till early March, 1795. The mahogany doors have panels painted with arabesques, which are similar to smaller



4.—MARBLE DRAPERY. THE LIBRARY CHIMNEYPIECE
BY RICHARD WESTMACOTT

in the summer of 1794. But work had already started by May, 1793, when he wrote from Queen Anne Street East a letter that shows the difficulties involved by bringing workmen from England :

I have (at last) sent you 4 more plasterers (very good men I believe) but I have been obliged to give them more wages otherways they would not have left England. Their boxes are to be left at Mr. Ellis's, Cabinet maker, 30 Stafford St. Mr. Wyatt has also sent the drawings by them. They have been made these twelve months. My men are rather afraid of being pressed—why they should I cannot tell as none of them are sailors. If anything of the kind should happen I hope Yr Lordship will stand their friend.

He left this letter open, in case the men should fall in with a press-gang on the way. In June, 1793, Rose wrote further :

I am afraid I shall have some difficulty in getting the ornament men to come because I understand that there are letters come to London from the last men I sent saying that it is an unhealthy place, that most



5.—THE STAIRCASE. YELLOW AND BROWN STREAKED SCAGLIOLE PILLARS
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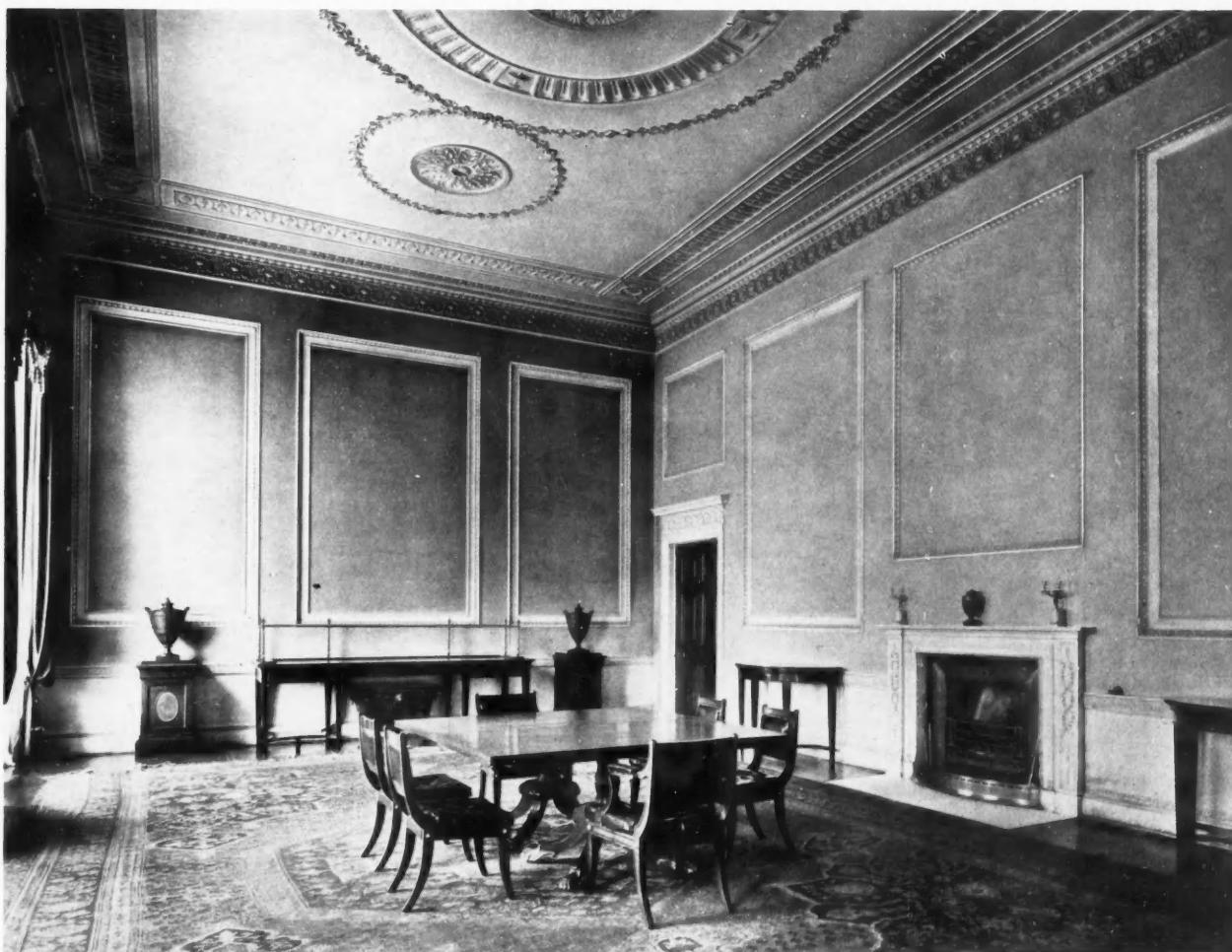
6.—FROM DINING-ROOM TO SALOON.
DELICATE ENRICHMENTS IN PIETRO DURO
"Country Life"

grisaille paintings on the pedestals and sarcophagus in the dining-room, made by McBrien and Barnaby McGer.

The plaster Corinthian caps of the pilasters were sent over from London in March, 1795, and, together with the graceful ceiling stucco the ornaments of which cost £118, were executed by Joseph Rose's men. Rose, whom Adam had employed for many of his finest *décor*s—at Syon, Nostell, Harewood, Ken Wood, and Mersham le Hatch—was a sufficiently important person to be remembered at Castlecoole as "Sir Joseph Rose." In his letters to Lord Belmore he refers to having paid two visits to Castlecoole, one of them being



7.—THE LIBRARY, WITH BOOKSHELVES MADE 1796-98



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8.—AN UNALTERED AND BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED ROOM—THE DINING-ROOM. "Country Life"

Both of these rooms are ideally representative of the elegant taste of the seventeen-nineties

of them are ill and that there is not lodging for them but in damp rooms. Indeed, my lord, if you should, now or hereafter, be dissatisfied with me for its costing you more money than you expected, I shall wish I had never seen Ireland.

The foreman in charge of the plasterers, named Shires or Sheirs, wrote to Rose in July, 1793, that Lord Belmore wished the lobby ceiling (illustrated last week) to be done first. This was evidently because the floors of the reception-rooms were not laid till the following summer, until when it was impossible for the plasterer's

scaffolding to be erected. This year, 1794, saw most of the reception-room ceilings put up, each of which has a delicate pattern, less elaborate and less expensive, than that of the saloon (that of the dining-room cost £63, the library £46). In an effort to economise, Lord Belmore seems to have asked for a cheaper design for the staircase stucco (March, 1795).

The staircase (Fig. 5), ascending from the hall between the library and drawing-room, is an adaptation of the double flight type used by Wyatt at Heaton with great effect, and subsequently at Dodington, Glos. Perhaps to save cost, the long side walls are left unornamented, which gives the whole a somewhat barren air. The staircase is lit by two large west windows and supported by a pair of yellow and brown streaked scagliola pillars, with further columns at the lobby landing similarly coloured. The stone steps had been laid during 1794, the ironwork not being put in position till June, 1796, and the mahogany handrail not till 1797.

The library (Fig. 7), west of the hall, is one of the four well



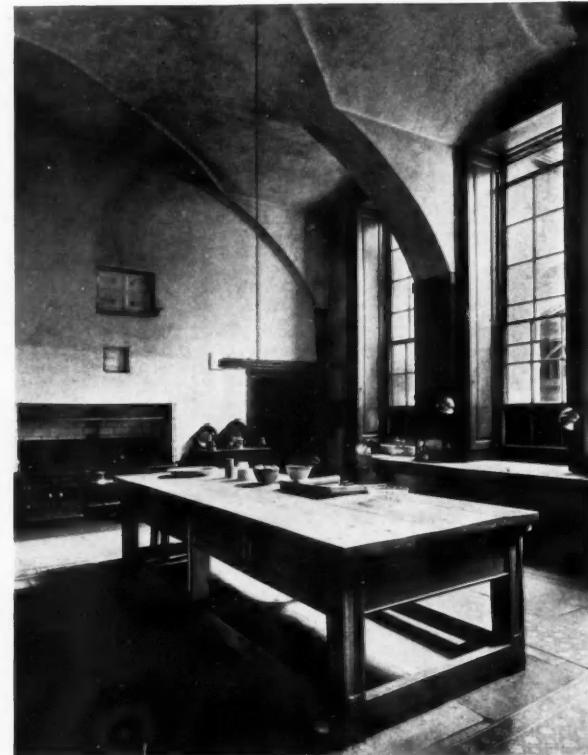
9.—THE STATE BED, IN FLAME SILK. *Circa 1820*
Possibly made by George Smith

1791, onwards. The library chimneypiece (Fig. 4), of statuary marble carved to simulate festooned drapery, displays the taste of the age in a less favourable light. It is one of six furnished by Richard Westmacott the sculptor, and cost £126; a somewhat more elaborate one in the drawing-room cost £160, and the quite simple one in the dining-room £130. The chimneypieces were loaded aboard ship at Hungerford Stairs, with two men, Smith and Battersby, to set them. They cost, with insurance at 6 guineas per cent., £969 in all. They arrived at Ballyshannon in February, 1796, and were set in April and May. Ornamental iron stoves, of which there are two in the saloon, as well as steel and brass grates and fenders elsewhere, were provided by George Binns, Dame Street, Dublin.

The dining-room (Fig. 8) is exactly as Wyatt designed it and the joiners left it, and is a perfect example of the restrained taste of the 'nineties. With the saloon and, beyond it, the drawing-room, it completes the suite occupying the north front. The door-cases (Fig. 6) are particularly rich, adorned with delicate



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10.—THE STATE DRESSING-ROOM
An Empire bed and the original draperies



“Country Life”
11.—IN THE KITCHEN
Showing the massive vaulting of the basement

proportioned, light and lofty rooms that are very characteristic of this phase of architecture. The bookcases were made by the joiners Peacock and Berry, who are first mentioned in 1792 and 1793 respectively, receiving £1 3s. 10d. a week (Irish). The cases have a reeded moulding with ribbon bandings in the uprights, a fluted architrave, and guilloche dado rail. In all the rooms there are finely moulded door-cases, on which, with the moulded shutter-cases, the joiners were working from October,

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decoration in *pietra dura*. This is used freely on door-cases throughout, and is probably what is represented by the entry "Mr. Salmon, ornament manufacturer £102 14s.," together, no doubt, with the cast repeating ornaments in most of the ceiling cornices. The sideboard was made by McBrien and McGer, working forty-three and a quarter and twenty-six and a quarter days respectively between May 13th and July 8th, 1797, representing a cost of about £12. The sideboard pedestals and urns were made by John Moor with assistance from McBrien and McGer, May—August, 1797, totalling seventy-two days, for about £12. The sarcophagus wine-cooler by McBrien and McGer cost, in workmanship, about £14. The dining-room table consists of six separate tables that can be bolted together. McBrien, McGer, Berry and Peacock all worked at them between 1797 and 1798. The semicircular side-tables were made by Will Clarke in sixty-three and three-quarter days at 3s. 1½d. the day, making £6 2s.

The bedrooms in several cases retain their early nineteenth century decoration. The most notable is the State Bedroom (Fig. 9), prepared, it is said, for the reception of George IV, but never slept in by that august visitor. That would have been in 1821, and the sumptuous bed certainly resembles patterns in George Smith's books published in the preceding decade. The bed itself, constructed of mahogany, has an elaborately scrolled foot and is supported on castors. The

canopy has a dome, crested with an earl's coronet, rising from carved and gilded cornices about which the flame silk trimmed with heavy fringes is voluminously festooned.

In its time Castlecoole represented the last word in luxury, certainly in Northern Ireland. The French tourist de Latocnaye, who visited it in 1797 when it was barely finished, described it as a "superb palace," the interior "full of rare marbles." It was the first house in the neighbourhood to have plumbing, and there was a bath, situated in the basement under the north colonnade adjoining the kitchen. The spacious kitchen (Fig. 11) is amply lit from a court. Its vaulting is representative of the immensely solid construction of the whole of the vast basement.

No wonder that the builder found himself in debt, for he was never a very wealthy man. His son, the furnisher, was for a time Governor of Jamaica, dying in 1841. The fourth Earl, who succeeded in 1845, his father dying prematurely, was for fifty-six years a Representative Peer, and Governor-General of New South Wales, 1867–72. His *History of Two Ulster Manors* is a remarkably well documented volume of family and local records, which has been useful in preparing this account. The writer is also indebted for assistance to his son, the present Earl, and particularly to Lady Violet Lowry-Corry, who has furnished him with abstracts and transcripts of the accounts of what is one of the most stately homes of Ireland.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

NO CHANGE

By BERNARD DARWIN

THIS is the day after Christmas. That festival is over, and we are all probably feeling in general the better and in particular a little the worse for it. In either case, an article which appears on Boxing Day ought to have some slight flavour of holly and pudding, and so I am not ashamed to say that I turned, in search of inspiration, to an invaluable book of quotations. There I happened on a Fifeshire rhyme—and there can be no better county for a golfer—which seemed to fit the occasion :

Yule's come and Yule's gane,
And we ha'e feasted weel ;
So Jock maun to his flail again
And Jenny to her wheel.

The good feasting may be taken as read, and so may the regrettable fact that we have to return to work again, although personally—let me whisper it—I hope to sneak away for a few days of mild golf by the sea. That which impressed me as an appropriate text for a Christmas sermon was the third line : "Jock maun to his flail again." The words may to-day strike no responsive chord in the heart of the golfer, but it would have done so a few years ago. Then that admirable photographer and learned student of golfers, Mr. G. W. Beldam, had told us and shown us by his pictures that we ought to swing a golf club as if we were wielding a flail. It was a sound doctrine enough, and gave some people, no doubt, the right mental picture of the method of swinging a club ; but, as always happens, the votaries of the new gospel exaggerated it to absurd lengths. It was not very long ago that I observed a belated disciple on the first tee ; he had left the club head still beside the ball and had painfully dragged back his wrists till he attained an attitude which made success almost impossible ; nor did the ensuing stroke belie my malicious expectations. That is the ultimate fate of the soundest doctrine, and so nobody talks about "flailing" any longer.

Doubtless people know more about the golf swing than they once did. For one thing, they have been greatly helped by the camera. For instance, we used to be told, and that by persons of the greatest eminence, that the first movement of the swing consisted in a turning over of the wrists. That may have been good practical advice for those who insisted in wielding the club in the manner of a very bad lady lawn tennis player dealing with a back-hand shot ; but in a more general way it was entirely unsound, and the camera showed the eminent persons that in fact they themselves did nothing of the sort. In that respect we are wiser than we used to be, but I sometimes wonder whether, in a general way, we have got far beyond the advice that was being given by the pioneer writers of the 'eighties, or even by some ancient St. Andrews caddie who doled out a few cut and dried pieces of instruction. The more golfing advice appears to change the more it is essentially the same thing.

Take, for example, the doctrine of hitting "from inside out," which so many people are trying conscientiously to cultivate. In my more profane moments I wonder whether this means much more than that—and we were told this fifty years

ago—we ought not to come across the ball. Can anybody really hit from inside out ? Can the divot-mark be more than straight on the line ? I am inclined to doubt it, but I do not in the least doubt that it may be good for us to believe that it can. If we get a mental picture of ourselves hitting from the inside, we may avoid hitting from the outside. The older writers told us to keep the club head travelling as far as possible on the desired line. That was unimpeachable, and yet it may be more helpful if we are told to do that which in fact we can hardly do, namely, make the club head travel outwards to the right of that line. Is it not really all a question of the words which will most vividly convey the mental picture ?

"Pivot" is a comparatively modern expression, but our earliest teachers talked about the turn of the body, and the most iconoclastic have not improved upon "slow back" ; indeed, that fundamental doctrine has rather advanced than receded. At one time we were told that it was good doctrine for us of the rank and file, but that the great ones could disregard it. To-day we can see it actually illustrated by those great ones themselves. Were not its "drowsiness" and "laziness" the qualities that we most admired in the swing of Bobby Jones, and is there anyone more admirably slow than Henry Cotton ? As to keeping the eye on the ball, that remains for ever, even though it be sometimes translated "Keep the head still." There is a catch-word much used by the learned as to the "head-brake." I am afraid I do not quite know what it means, but I believe that essentially it means the same as does the first friend of our youth.

There is certainly one thing very noticeable about the modern champions as compared with those of our youth, namely, that their swings are shorter. Adams's swing is to-day regarded as almost fantastically long ; once upon a time it would have hardly been longer than the normal. The swings of Cotton and Padgham would once have been called "half swings." The modern ball and the modern club have, I suppose, something to do with this. At any rate, it is a change which cannot be explained away as merely a matter of "the mental picture" ; there is a very real difference. Yet there is this to be said. These so-called short swingers are also wide swingers ; they cover a great deal of ground with the club-head, and this point was noticed by one of our earliest teachers. In *The Art of Golf*, Sir Walter Simpson has two diagrams, one illustrating a swing usually called full, the other one called short. The diagrams show that in fact the "full" swing is very narrow and the "short" swing is very wide ; it is in the "short" swing that the club-head describes by far the bigger arc.

What I am trying to say is that the essential teaching of golf remains much the same from one generation to another, but a particular form of words conveys the notion better to a particular generation. It lasts its time, and then is succeeded by another, and so it will go on, while we, however old we may grow, shall still be momentarily deceived into thinking that we are learning something new and heaven-sent. That is a happy state of things with which no wise man will quarrel, especially so near Christmas.

Famous Hunts and their Countries

THE WARWICKSHIRE

Fill ! butler, fill the flowing bowl again,
One glass of port, one bumper of champagne.
I give a toast shall set your hearts on fire—
" Fox hunting and the Hounds of Warwickshire."

THOSE lines were written in 1895, and, although bumpers of champagne may to-day be rather the exception than the rule, the toast given then is as good and as well deserved to-day as ever it was. It is almost always an impossibility to place a finger on the exact date at which any pack of fox-hounds started. Till 1791 the Warwickshire country was hunted more by the whim of neighbouring gentlemen who owned hounds, rather than by any organised plan. Then it came into its own with the advent of Mr. Corbet. For twenty years Mr. Corbet hunted the whole of the Warwickshire country, forty miles by twenty in area, at his own expense, and his popularity was a fitting tribute to his success.

Mr. Corbet brought with him, when he came, a pack of hounds bred mainly from one dog, by name Trojan. Trojan came of a parentage which might to-day be frowned upon; for, although his sire was Trueboy from Earl Spencer's kennel at Pytchley, his dam was a harrier bitch named Tidings. It must, however, be remembered that the exclusive chase of the fox is a comparatively modern innovation, and in former days Masters would hunt both deer and hare as well. Trojan himself would not look at a hare (to which quarry it was Mr. Corbet's custom to enter his hounds), but, as a fox-catcher, he must have been worth his weight in gold. In eight seasons he never missed a day's hunting, and his performance in the field was invariably excellent and oft-times amazing—especially the height to which he could jump. Park walls presented no difficulties to him whatsoever, and it was said that, on a fair hunting day, no fox could live before him. For eight seasons he hunted the Warwickshire foxes, and when finally, too old to hunt, he was pensioned off to spend the

remaining years basking in the sun beneath the elms of Sundorne, dreaming the while of "the lean, red shadows where the foxes run."

In 1811, ill-health compelled Mr. Corbet to give up the hounds. His resignation caused the greatest regret among all sections of the country, and especially the farmers, who honoured him for his courtly bearing to all. He was succeeded by Lord Middleton. It was naturally difficult for anyone to follow such an excellent Master as was Mr. Corbet; but Lord Middleton

made the situation no easier, banning all accounts of sport with the hounds and by refusing to support the club at Stratford (with which Mr. Corbet had dined once a fortnight), which went out of existence as a result. As a result of his ban on hunting reports there is no record of sport such as might be desired, save the knowledge that his best season was his second, when forty-nine and a half brace of foxes were killed. A bad fall at the close of the season 1820-21 caused him to resign his mastership, and he was followed by Mr. Shirley.

When Lord Middleton resigned he gave his hounds to Sir Tatton Sykes. Consequently, it was necessary for the Hunt to raise a subscription, build new kennels at Butlers Marston, and buy a pack of hounds (the Cranborne Chase) for Mr. Shirley to be Master of. The hounds were criticised as being too small for the Warwickshire country; but they appear to have been steady and to have hunted well.

We cannot follow the fortunes of the Hunt further in detail, but the accession to the mastership, in 1839, of Mr. R. J. Barnard—later Lord Willoughby de Broke—must be noted. It was said of him and his huntsman, Ned Stevens, that "a more popular Master and a keener huntsman never joined hands in the preservation and destruction of foxes." Lord Willoughby was Master from 1839-56 and again from 1861-62, those who filled that office in the years from 1856-61 being Mr. Lucy and Mr. Greaves.

In the first year of Lord Willoughby's reign, new kennels were



THE MASTERS, MR. JOHN LAKIN AND THE HON. M. R. SAMUEL



F. H. Meads

ADMIRAL SIR WALTER COWAN, Bt.,
Assistant Hunt Secretary



Copyright

G. GILLSON,
The Huntsman

built at Kineton on land given by Mr. Lucy, and there the Warwickshire foxhounds are still kennelled to-day. The building reflects the greatest credit upon the farmers, 180 of whom sacrificed their wagons during harvest time to draw material to the spot. The whole building operations only took from July 24th to October 15th. A lesson in speed which many modern contractors might do well to study.

On Lord Willoughby's sudden death in 1862, Lord North carried on, and sport continued as before to be of the best. Foxes ran great distances, but there were in those days no main roads with an incessant stream of traffic, few railway lines, and no artificial manures and other scientific abominations. In 1866 Lord North migrated to the Bicester, where his mastership was in no way less successful. He left behind him a greatly improved pack, bred from Belvoir, Sir Watkin Wynn's and Duke of Beaufort's blood.

For ten seasons Mr. Lucy took the hounds, to give way, in 1876, to the new Lord Willoughby de Broke, who did as much and more for these hounds as any other man. He was an all-round sportsman, being equally at home whether riding, shooting, steeplechasing, or playing cricket; and he it was who did the Hunt such great service by introducing the blood of Lord Coventry's Rambler ('73), Quorn Alfred ('72) and Belvoir Fallible ('74). He achieved success on the flags, winning fifty firsts and nine seconds in nine years at Peterborough, while sport in the field was of corresponding excellence, including the great run from Pool Field Osiers in February, 1884, when hounds covered twenty-five miles of country in two hours and twenty minutes, with a kill at the end.

In 1887, there was inaugurated, at the instance of Lord North, a system which has its parallel to-day. The country was divided into twenty-seven districts, each under the control of a committee, which was responsible for all such items connected with hunting as poultry claims and broken fences within its domains. To-day the Hunt, somewhat similarly divided, has gentlemen who undertake to go round after a day's hunting to assess the damage done and arrange for its repair.

For twenty-four seasons Lord Willoughby continued to show such sport as had never been seen before, and there was not a man in the country who did not heave a sigh of regret when, in 1900, he resigned the hounds in favour of his son, who had them alone until 1911, and from then, until his death in 1924, in joint mastership with Mr. Joshua Fielden.

From 1924 until the present day, Masterships have been more frequent than is desirable. Lord Portman and Mr. Buckmaster reigned until 1926, when there followed a committee, aided in the breeding side of the hounds by Sir Charles Wiggin, who introduced into the kennel the Quorn Safeguard blood. From 1927-29 Major Huttenbach ruled over Warwickshire and made it his aim to seek stallion hounds of the Belvoir Dexter ('95) and Brocklesby Wrangler ('99) blood, thus getting back to the blood of Lord Coventry's Rambler and Belvoir Weathergauge ('76), which he regarded as classic.

From 1929-30 Lord Willoughby and Mr. Smith-Ryland were Joint-Masters, and, on the resignation of the latter, Lord Willoughby continued alone until 1932, when he was joined by Mr. Philip Dunne, whose name, coupled with those of Bellacose and Fourth Floor, is remembered with gratitude by followers of flat-racing last season. Nineteen thirty-five saw the resignation of these two Masters, and there succeeded them the present Masters, Mr. Samuel and Mr. Lakin. It is only necessary to have a day's hunting with the



LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE (ON THE GREY) CHATTING WITH A FRIEND AT A MEET AT TREDINGTON

be as well if fox hunters were to adopt the deer-hunting practice of "tufting." In George Gillson the Masters have a huntsman whose whole heart lies with the hunting and killing of foxes. "Don't let Gillson go into that wood," a lady was heard to remark about four o'clock one afternoon; "if there's a fox in there we'll never get him out to-night!" No day is too long for him, and his keenness and eagerness have had very material results in the two seasons he has hunted these hounds.

Foxes cannot, however, be caught solely by the huntsman. He must have a pack of hounds that know their job and will stick to it, and this undoubtedly the Warwickshire are. It was the privilege of the writer to see them hunt on a day when at times they could run fast and at times had to puzzle out the line, and he can vouch for the fact that they really do hunt. Seen in the kennel, the main point that catches the eye is that they are a type. Some may not like the type. To some they may be too "light," to others not "light" enough—that is but the nature of the world; but no one can deny the existence of a type, and that is the first thing to aim at in a pack of hounds. Indeed, until the type is established they are not a pack—merely a collection of individual foxhounds.

Mr. Samuel is to-day trying to get back to the old Warwickshire blood as bred by Lord Willoughby de Broke. To do this he is going chiefly to the kennels of the Heythrop and Brocklesby (where Warwickshire stallion hounds were much used in Lord Willoughby's time), and the name which occurs with the greatest frequency in the Warwickshire hound list to-day is that of Grappler ('28). This dog was by Arklow ('25), who was by Heythrop Arklow ('19) out of Heythrop Gainsay ('22), through whom he goes back to Warwickshire Racer ('06). To-day, Mr. Samuel is using at Kineton Whynot ('32), Streamer ('33), and Vagrant ('34). Vagrant is by Grappler out of a bitch called Vantage ('24); and Streamer is by Artist ('31), himself a Grappler, out of Strenuous ('28), who was a Quorn Safeguard. Whynot—the sire of a promising dog, Vanquisher, second at this year's Puppy Show—is by Heythrop Whistock ('27) out of Painful ('28). He is a strong dog with a lot of heart room and plenty of substance. Streamer, reckoned by some the nicest dog in the kennel, has the same characteristic, plenty of substance, and neither he nor Vagrant is likely to get anything that might be termed weedy. The latter dog sired the winner of this year's Puppy Show—Whipcord. He is a dog who has plenty of everything save his stern, which was, unfortunately, trodden on by a horse and reduced about 50 per cent.

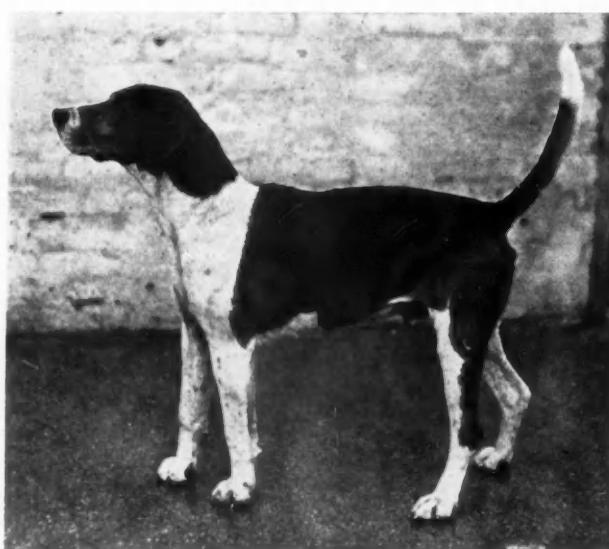
A dog that caught the eye was Fairburn ('35), by Heythrop Farrier ('28)—who has lines to Brocklesby Wrangler ('99)—out of Vacant ('31). He is thought by many to be too light of bone and too much of a bitch, but he has a lot of quality, clean in front and plenty of power behind, and looks as though he should be the terror of any fox that he caught sight of. He has quite a useful looking sister, Fancy; and another bitch, Fantasy, by the same sire, is a capable sort. She has a *penchant* for marking, and it is the happiest moment



F. H. Meads
MR. W. S. BUCKMASTER
Late Master of the Warwickshire



TWO COUPLE OF DOG-HOUNDS INCLUDING WHYNOT, STREAMER, ACOLYTE, VAGRANT.
All except Whynot being of the Grappler blood



STREAMER ('33)
By Artist ('31)—Strenuous ('28)

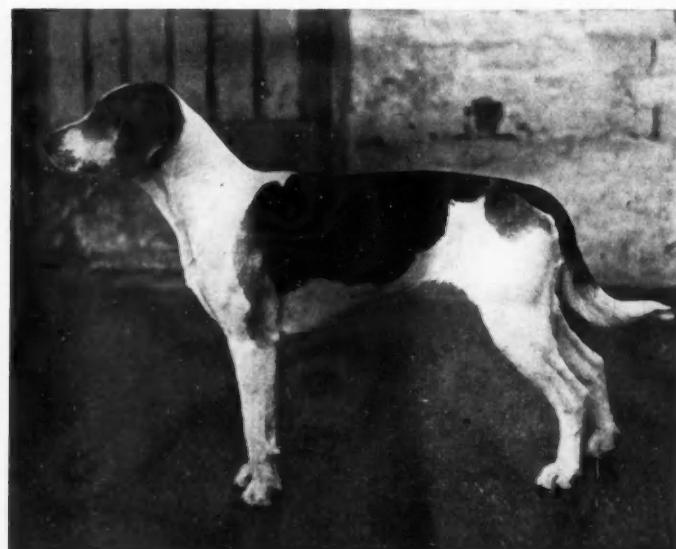


FAIRBURN ('35)
By Heythrop Farrier ('28)—Vacant ('31)



F. H. Meads

VAGRANT ('34)
By Grappler ('28)—Vantage ('29)



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VACANCY
By Whynot ('32)—Vary ('32)

of her day when they run a fox to ground. In every pack of foxhounds there are always individual hounds who have slight idiosyncrasies such as this, and two others who were pointed out were Walter, a young dog by Whynot, who regards fox in much the same way as some *gourmand* might regard *pâté de foie gras*—a delicacy of which it is impossible to have too much. Spanker ('35), by Colonist ('30), is a real "huntsman's friend" and a great finder of foxes. Many people are apt to give all the *kudos* to the hound that dashes and drives in the open, and forget altogether those that have pushed and toiled through thorn and gorse to make "the open" a possibility.

Among the best of the bitches in the pack are Adela, Actress ('35), Pamphlet ('33), and Vehement ('35). All are by Grappler, the first couple being out of a bitch called Aimless ('29), by Brocklesby Aimwell ('24); Pamphlet is out of Painful (the dam of Whynot); and Vehement out of Vengeance ('32), by Bicester Verger ('29). Without doubt, Grappler does leave his mark on the kennel. Pamphlet, according to Gillson, is the best bitch in the kennel; but another one who caught the eye in the hunting field as doing a lot of work, and one who could stand criticism on the flags, was Playmate ('35), by South and West Wilts Phoenix ('28) out of Meynell Pattercake. Phoenix was by Brecon Paragon, whose blood has been so successful in the Whaddon kennels; and Playmate is of that light marking which is characteristic of that strain. She is thought by some to be too long in the back, but, just as a white ruff shows off a hound's neck to advantage, so will a white back often give an erroneous impression of length. Playmate is certainly a useful bitch out hunting, and if ever she is bred from she might well produce something good.

Of the young bitches the following are noteworthy: Fatal, Famine, Varnish, and Vacancy. The last-named couple by Whynot out of Valid ('32) and Vary ('32) respectively, while the others are by Heythrop Farrier out of Vacant ('31). Famine and Fatal are two useful bitches, and there is another in that litter

that caught the eye. A dog, Falcon by name, who looked every inch a fox-catcher and who, if his work is in accordance with the impression he gives, should be the terror of every Warwickshire fox. There are two bitches by Heythrop Seaman ('32) that stood out—Compass and Seemly; but Sepia, a litter sister to the last-named, appeared rather straight-shouldered. Of a litter by Heythrop Amber ('31), a bitch called Amity caught the eye at once. She has been in ill-health, and was looking in consequence "run down," but when she is fit again she should be a really fine bitch with quality, should show the way to everything, and should one day turn the tables on the other *débutantes* of her year.

Of the young dog hounds, Falcon must have a niche to himself. He is not perfect, but he is a very useful dog, and a pack of his sort should catch as many foxes as any huntsman, Master, field, or farmers could wish for. Whitaker and Whipcord, by Vagrant, have plenty of substance, and the latter should one day supply Mr. Samuel with all the material he desires for a stallion hound. Vanquisher, second to Whipcord at the Puppy Show, is another useful dog; and there is no doubt that the Masters—and especially Mr. Samuel, who manages the hound side of things—have much to congratulate themselves on.

They have a pack of hounds that shows good sport and catches its foxes; a huntsman whose heart is in his job and who brings sound knowledge of the Chase to further his heart's desire; a loyal lot of farmers—the backbone of any Hunt; and a fine country to ride over. It is not all stake-and-bound, but affords additional pleasure from its variation from the straightforward cut-and-laid to the stiff rail, the proverbially "hairy" bullfinch, and the obstacles that have damped many a sportsman's enthusiasm—the Kinton and Oxhill Brooks. There is needed in the Warwickshire country a good horse and a stout heart, both of which virtues the Joint-Masters possess, in addition to the tact, courtliness and consideration which make them such excellent and fitting upholders of the traditions of one of England's oldest and most honoured fox-hunts.

PETER WOOD.

WHERE YOUR PORT COMES FROM

ALTHOUGH a good bottle of port is marked "Oporto," that city only handles the wine in its last stages and despatches it. The real port vineyards begin about forty miles up the River Douro, which makes a deep gash right across northern Portugal. Vines cover the margins of this gorge from Barca de Alva on the Spanish frontier to Barqueiros, while the river runs at the bottom of a canyon which is frequently 1,500ft. below the wild, mountainous country round about. The landscape is so broken by steep slopes that serious engineering difficulties had to be overcome to make possible the road and railway which pass close to the water's edge far below.

The surroundings in many ways recall the Rhine gorge, and it is hard to imagine that the fruitiest port comes from the most difficult, isolated region of Portugal.

Vines are grown upon a mauve-brown rock which is flaked and shattered, as in the slaty districts of North Wales. The flakes scarcely ever develop into a fine soil, and the silty surface of them, combined with the steep gradients, cause them to be constantly slipping down unless walled into position. They are unstable to the feet and give way at each step, so that the going is bad for horses. Outside the actual valley of the Douro the countryside is bleak and exposed to driving westerly winds throughout the year; no vines grow there. At one place, round Regoa, the gorge opens out into a hilly basin; this makes larger vineyards possible, and, although the basin occupies a small fraction of the region, it produces two-thirds of the world's port.

Except round Regoa, farms are rarely seen, since they are built so high as to be almost out of the gorge, or else they are in some sheltered tributary valley. Most growers and dealers abandon these

unpleasant surroundings and return only for the collecting season. Labourers live mostly in tiny hamlets huddling high up on the plateaux and come down for a period as required. The Alto Douro is hardly as wet as London. Rain soaks into the cracked surface at once and is stored as a film of moisture in the fissures, so that it is available for the fine roots of the vine even during the hottest summer. A damp soil would be fatal to the vines. This peculiar build of the soil gives special healthiness to the vines and creates that "body" which is typical of port. In fact, the description "port" is limited by law exclusively to wine from vineyards whose soil has been approved in advance.

The bitterly cold winters experienced here do not harm the vines, because they are then pruned right back to be little more than mere stumps at the surface.

Summer, on the other hand, is extremely hot, temperatures of 120° Fahr. being quite common. The rock heats up so much that it becomes impossible to touch it with the hand, and the valleys become like breathless ovens.

Upon these steep slopes and narrow ledges only manual labour can be used. The wage of agricultural labourers is rarely more than 1s. 9d. per day, and the labour demand is for only a short season. It has taken centuries of work to build up the hundreds of miles of terrace and wall which alone make cultivation here possible. Many of the terraces fell into ruin when phylloxera destroyed all the vines about thirty-five years ago, and abandoned terraces on all sides show that in these days of rising labour costs there is little chance that some vineyards will ever again be cultivated. It is very expensive to plant vines, because a hole must be excavated into solid rock to give the young plant adequate root-space to start with. Each vine must have a support for



THATCHED PEASANTS

Cloaks of rye-straw worn in winter in the port wine region



THE REGOA BASIN, WHERE TWO-THIRDS OF THE PORT WINE IS PRODUCED

itself in the form of a long flake of slate or a needle of granite. Sometimes, near Regoa, where the vines are more lush, a trellis of wire is put up to keep the heavy loads of grapes from drooping to the ground.

No fertilisers are used, but the ground has to be worked over repeatedly with an instrument which is a cross between a pick and an adze. Vineyard activities are small until the autumn, and then work is feverish. Since the farms are placed high up the slopes, all grapes have to be carried up to them on the backs of men. For this reason they have a local proverb that a good port is distilled from the sweat of men. Families of peasants migrate to this region from all parts of Portugal to take part in the picking. Women and old people pick the grapes and the men carry the baskets. Strings of these carriers, with tall wicker baskets on their shoulders and led by musicians, climb the steps among the terraces to the vats where the pressing is done. The best port grape is small and tough-skinned.

When the granite vats are full of grapes, men enter bare-footed and walk, with arms linked, to and fro across the grapes. This treading is done mostly at night, so that the men are free to carry during the day, and the treading by artificial light and accompanied by music gives the impression of a bacchanal. The work is hard, violent and continuous. Often the people do not sleep for days on end. Foot-treading remains the custom because

no other method gets the important extracts from the grape skin without adding tannins which spoil the flavour. Squeamish people may be reassured—the fermentation thoroughly disinfects the wine.

The tread finished, the liquid ferments. The secret of port character is that the fermentation is stopped exactly half way by running it off and adding one-fifth by volume of brandy. In this way the liquid remains sweetened by glucose sugars which give the smoothness to the wine. No juggling with added sugars could give the same effect.

This liquid, not yet true port, is carried down to the river below in large barrels on lumbering ox-carts. The yoke of these cattle is especially interesting. Owing to the steepness, ordinary yokes would strangle or wound the animals. So the yoke is fastened with a leather pad upon the forehead to give protection. This pad gives the comical impression that the oxen are wearing boxing gloves as bonnets.

The barrels are finally floated down to Oporto in long thin boats reminiscent of the upper Yangtse Kiang. They are steered through the dangerous rocks of the Douro by a single long oar manipulated from a high bridge aft.

The important final stages of mixing, maturing and grading are done in the warehouses of Oporto, and about half of the production is destined for the British Isles. E. H. G. DOBBY.



THE GORGE OF THE UPPER REGOA

Looking down to the outcrop of granite which made the rapids till they were blasted clear in 1820

THE FUTURE OF THE ROYAL STABLE

LAST SALES OF THE SEASON

THE Royal racing stable and stud farm are to be continued by King George VI. That was the very gratifying announcement that was made last week. There was never much doubt that any other decision would be come to, for the connection of the Throne and the Turf has been a close one for century after century. Although Queen Victoria took no deep personal interest in racing, she carried on the Hampton Court stud for many years, and with great success, too, for many famous winners were bred in the paddocks which were re-opened this year when the Royal mares and foals were transferred from Sandringham. King George VI has never been a great racegoer, but then neither was his father before he came to the Throne. What was, however, at first a duty in part became a pleasure, and His late Majesty became a close student of breeding as well as of racing. It was partly connected with an entire reorganisation scheme on the Sandringham estate that the mares were sent from there to Hampton Court, but not entirely so, for some of the Norfolk paddocks had been used for horses so long that it was thought a change would be all to the good. As the paddocks at Hampton Court have been newly laid out, it is likely that the bulk of the stud will continue there for the present, at any rate. In addition to the mares, there are at present thirteen foals there that will be yearlings in a few days, and eleven yearlings that will be two year olds next week are already in training at Egerton House. In addition to these eleven two year olds His Majesty will have in training next season at Egerton House only a few short of twenty horses. The beautifully bred filly Fairlead, by Fairway from Scuttle, who was one of the Egerton House stable's best winners last season, was sent this winter to be trained for hurdle racing by Mr. Harry Brown, as was Slam, but she has not yet run. His Majesty had his first runner last week at Windsor. This was the steeplechaser Marconi, who was much expected to win the New Windsor Handicap Steeplechase, but found the ground too soft for him and, failing to stay in the conditions, finished last but one. Marconi must be a unique horse in the history of racing, in that he has run for three Sovereigns.

The comment has been made that the Newmarket December sales this year have been tame and that no "sensational" prices have been realised. In point of fact, there were no lots in the catalogue that were likely to realise extraordinary prices. It was a healthy sign that owners of well bred mares and fillies were, for the greater part, keeping them instead of offering them at auction, and there could be no better tribute than this to the stability of the industry at the present moment. There was no dispersal of an important stud except that of Lord St. Davids, and no executor's sale of great account. So it was that the "fireworks" that some people always seem to expect were absent. The sales were generally in keeping with those of the yearlings

and horses in training through the year, in that there was always a good market for a good article, and that anything that was worth good money made good money. There was an excellent proportion of buyers from the Continent, and a few well known Italian breeders who could not be at Newmarket a year ago were present on this occasion. Mr. Gallina, indeed, gave one of the high prices of the week, 4,100 guineas, for Vingt Mille, a six year old mare by Papyrus out of Treize, who is a half-sister, by The Tetrarch, to Myrobella. Vingt Mille, who was offered by the Vicomte de la Mettrie, never ran, and it is a tribute to the esteem in which her blood is held abroad that she should make this very high price. Although the French people have been selling an enormous number of horses in training to come to England, there are, apparently, a few French breeders who take the long view about the return of prosperity to their home industry. Among the buyers from France was M. Ernest Masurel, who took a few good young mares. M. Masurel is the happy man who won the French Derby and Grand Prix de Paris with Mieuxce, and then sold him to Sir Victor Sassoon to go to the stud in England.

Some excellent prices were being given for horses in training. Thus a gelding offered by Lord Astor, Corpach, made 3,200 guineas for the account of Mr. G. S. L. Whitelaw. Corpach ran up a sequence of successes during the season, but the price he made seems an unconscionable one for a gelding. There are, however, great possibilities about him as a steeplechaser, and this led to the intensive bidding for him. Several wealthy owners wanted him to run under National Hunt rules, hence the unusual price he made. Other of Lord Astor's horses in training sold well, the three year old Jubie making 2,500 guineas. Lord Derby—who, like Lord Astor, drafts a number of horses in training annually—rid himself of several that have been familiar performers in his colours over a number of years. One was the six year old Thrapston, who made the running for his stable companion Hyperion in the Derby of 1933. He has been a useful winner on his own account; but, having well served his purpose, he was let go for 400 guineas. Fairhaven, a beautifully bred horse, by Fairway from Drift, was sold for stud purposes at 3,700 guineas, which was more of a compliment to his pedigree than to his performances, although he did win the Payne Stakes at Newmarket as a three year old, and the Limelight Handicap at Kempton this year. Shining Tor, by Pharos, made 1,550 guineas to Mr. C. R. Leetham, and this may have been a very discriminating bargain, for Shining Tor was a brilliant colt in his two seasons in France, and showed himself to be a very fast colt when he ran in England as a four year old. He proved difficult to train, and never quite came into his own in this country. He is a fine individual, and a future can be predicted for him at the stud.

BIRD'S-EYE.

TURKEY OF YESTERDAY

SOME FRESH WAYS OF USING UP THE REMAINS OF CHRISTMAS

FEW dishes suffer so melancholy a fate as roast turkey. What a noble sight is that gigantic bird on Christmas Day! How finely he rears that snowy breast, how proudly juts his drumsticks aloft! But on Boxing Day where are the glories of yesterday? The carver and our unkind appetites have all conspired to ruin him.

What shall we have that we have not tasted before, or what just a little out of the ordinary to take the edge off familiarity? The repertory of the cold roast turkey is not a large one, but here are one or two unusual offerings for those who may like to try them.

America, where the turkey is held in as great esteem as here, may help us. These little cakes, for example, sound delicious. Chop up a breakfastcupful of the cooked turkey and mix with it a tablespoonful of cream, a slightly beaten egg, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. Shape this mixture into small flat cakes, egg-and-breadcrumbs them well, and fry them in a little butter until each side is nicely brown. Then, to complete the unusual qualities of this dish, serve them with some good white sauce into which a third of its volume of finely cut raw celery has been mixed. This attractive sauce should not be handed separately, but poured over the cakes in their dish. Another "done-up" dish goes under the splendid name of Turkey Tetrazzini. Here again "cupfuls" are breakfastcupfuls, unless you have a proper measuring cup, as all enterprising cooks should have. Have ready a cupful of good white sauce enriched with cream, and flavour this with celery salt. While the sauce is cooking, cut your cold turkey meat (preferably the white meat) into thin strips and mix a cupful of this with half a cupful of cooked spaghetti cut in half-inch pieces and half a cupful of mushrooms which have been sliced and fried lightly in butter. Bring the sauce to the boil, and then add the turkey, spaghetti and mushrooms. Fill little dishes with this mixture, sprinkle their tops with grated cheese and buttered breadcrumbs, and bake them in a hot oven until the crumbs are brown.

A good honest stew of cooked turkey is always worth eating

on a cold day, and what could be simpler than this concoction from the Pyrenees? Melt some bacon fat in a pan, or goose fat if you can lay hands on any, and in this fry the pieces of turkey until they are brown. Take them out and keep them hot, while in the same fat you fry also a couple of thinly sliced onions and a rasher of mild raw bacon cut in dice. Now add four skinned and "pipped" tomatoes (or a dessertspoonful of tomato purée), a bouquet of parsley, thyme and bay leaf, two or three cups of water or, better still, of beef stock, and a seasoning of salt and plenty of pepper. Bring to the boil and simmer for a quarter of an hour. Then strain it, if you like, being sure in any case to take out the bouquet but to leave in the bacon, put back the pieces of turkey, put on the lid, and simmer very gently for a couple of hours, when it will be ready.

A little farther east, from Italy, comes another very savoury turkey dish. Chop up some lean ham or bacon, with onion and parsley, and mix them with an equal amount of breadcrumbs. Season this mixture with grated lemon rind, a good pinch of curry powder and a hint of saffron. Beat an egg with a spoonful of olive oil, brush this over some cold slices of turkey breast, roll them in the breadcrumb mixture and fry them golden. The inevitable tomato sauce (if properly made) should be handed with these.

Nearer home we find stuffed Turkey Drumsticks, almost the ideal luncheon for two. Make a forcemeat with two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, half a teaspoonful of finely minced lemon rind, two slices of onion blanched and finely chopped, half a teaspoonful of sweet herbs and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Season with salt and cayenne pepper and bind with the yolk of an egg. While you are making this, let the two boned drumsticks lie in a preparatory bath of olive oil, salt and pepper, turning them now and then, and at last drain them, and stuff them with the forcemeat, giving them back a semblance of their original shape. Now wrap each in a rasher of fattish bacon, and bake them in the oven for about half an hour.

AMBROSE HEATH.

A CARNIVAL OF SQUASH



AMR BEY AND E. SNELL



AMR BEY AFTER SERVING



R. PULBROOK AND N. W. D. YARDLEY, THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CAPTAINS



G. B. NOEL, OF CAMBRIDGE, BEATS J. F. HAYLEY, OF OXFORD

SQUASH is a game that is primarily played rather than watched, and as such it continues to grow steadily in popularity, if only it gives so much good fun and good exercise in so short a time. It is, however, growing also in point of public interest, and the names of the best players are now widely known to many who never play themselves. This is largely due to the fame of one supreme genius at the game.

No game, we are frequently told, is ever lost till it is won, though it is sometimes so nearly lost that nothing but a stroke of apoplexy can save it. Only that arbitrary intervention of Providence could possibly have stopped this year's Amateur Championship of squash coming to the only possible and utterly inevitable end, namely, another victory for Amr Bey. This country is rich in good squash players; when they play international matches, without the help of the incomparable Egyptian, they win more than handsomely; yet against Amr Bey they are helpless. There has probably never been in the history of any game a player so superior to his fellows, and the gap grows not narrower but wider. In the first of his five victories his adversaries mustered the sum of ninety-nine aces; this year the whole long string of them could produce no more than the almost ridiculous amount of thirty between them. Not only did Amr Bey beat all these good players easily, but he beat them at their own particular kind of game. If they liked long rallies of hard hitting, he indulged them to the full till he had run them off their legs, and then, having them thoroughly exhausted, indulged himself in all manner of delightful drop and angle shots. His opponent in the final was, for the second year, E. Snell, a player of untiring energy and great skill in slowing down the game to the pace he likes, by cunning lobs; but Amr volleyed the lobs relentlessly, and Snell, after making a respectable fight of it in the first game, was beaten in the end comfortably, as were all the rest.

Two of the best players in this year's championship, divided *longo intervallo* from the winner, were the respective captains of Oxford and Cambridge, R. Pulbrook and N. W. D. Yardley. These two met in the University match when Yardley won by three games to love, a score which, while it showed that the right man won, hardly did justice to the hardness of a fine struggle. Yardley's victory set an example to his side which was well followed up, for all the other four Cambridge men won their matches, leaving the Oxford score as blank as when they began. This is the seventh time running that Cambridge have won, whereas Oxford won on the first four occasions on which the match was played, a curious example of the tides that flow in all University contests.

CORRESPONDENCE

LEEDS CASTLE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In Mr. Hussey's account it is stated that the trial of the Duchess of Gloucester (Eleanor Cobham) was held at Leeds Castle. I do not think this is correct. When the Archbishop initiated the proceedings against her for witchcraft, heresy, and treason, the King made an order, by letters patent, dated August 9th, 1441, confirming that the Duchess was to be taken to Leeds Castle and ordering her to stay there pending her trial. This took place in London, and resulted in the sentence of life imprisonment, and the penance which she performed in London in November, 1441. At Leeds, before trial, she was in charge of five members of the Royal household, and 10s. a day was allowed for her and their maintenance. She did not go back to Leeds, but was sent to Chester Castle in charge of Sir Thomas Stanley. I had occasion to investigate the facts in a paper (printed in the *Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire*, 1935) when endeavouring to discover the truth or otherwise of the tradition that the Duchess was imprisoned in the Isle of Man. I could find no satisfactory proof, in spite of Shakespeare and many later writers.—P. STEWART-BROWN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In the interesting articles on Leeds Castle, which have recently appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, I notice that the name of my mother's family (the late owners) is, by an oversight, misspelt throughout. It should be Wykeham-Martin, not Wickham-Martin.—GERALD M. LANE.

SCROLLWORK

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows an interesting bit of scrollwork on the front of an old building in the ancient borough of Higham Ferrers in Northamptonshire. It is thought to be work of late sixteenth or early seventeenth century date. The building, now divided into several houses, is still known as the "Old Coffee Tavern," and was probably in earlier times an inn—perhaps the original "Green Dragon," which would account for the dragons in the scrollwork design. There is still a "Green Dragon" in the town, but on a different site.

Just now attention is being drawn to Higham Ferrers owing to certain Clearance Orders which threaten several buildings of considerable historical and archaeological interest. In one, Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1414-43, is said to have been born; and another is this "Old Coffee Tavern" with its scrollwork front. Apparently only part of this building is at present involved, but demolition of even a part would spoil the whole.—H. J. SMITH.

INDUSTRIOS
WATER
BUFFALOES

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In one of your issues there appeared a photograph of carabao or water buffaloes enjoying their *siesta* in the River Pasig in Manila. Your correspondent pointed out that these animals "work hard and ungrudgingly, provided they are allowed a *siesta* when the sun is at its hottest." The accompanying photograph, also taken in Manila, shows just how hard these animals do work. Though they are slow, they are extremely willing and sure-footed, and their strength appears to be about equal to that of a bovine Samson.—J. F. FRIEND.

HYSTERIA IN DOGS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In view of the correspondence in the



A BOVINE SAMSON

shooting season started, they have stood up to it very well, and I have not had a recurrence of hysteria. I trust the foregoing remarks will prove of interest to your readers.—R. B. EDWARDS.

SEX RATIO OF
TRAPPED RABBITS

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—We are anxious to find out the explanation of the surprising fact that the trapping of rabbits causes these animals to increase in the long run. Of the fact itself there can be no doubt, but it has not yet been possible to verify which of the various explanations that have been proposed is the most valid. There is a *prima facie* case for believing that trapping kills more bucks than does, so that after severe trapping the does preponderate; this, if true, would fully explain the facts. We should be grateful to hear from any reader who made definite counts at the beginning of

the trapping season before disturbance of the sex ratio had taken place.—FREDERICK HOBDAY, President, *The University of London Animal Welfare Society*.

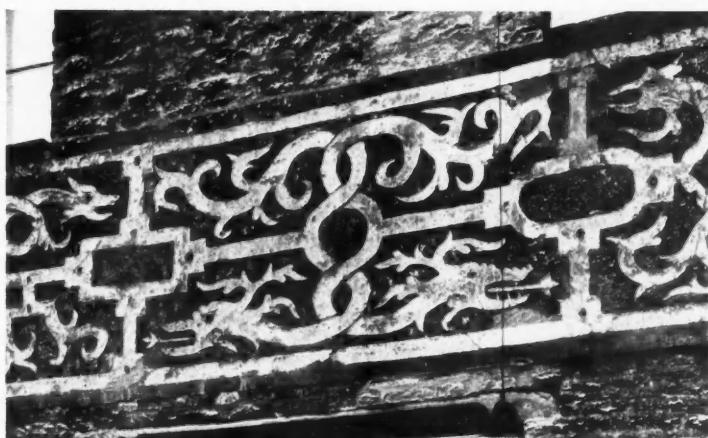
EGERTON HOUSE, BERKHAMSTED

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—This fine building, situated on the south side of High Street, Berkhamsted, near the entrance of the London road, is now to be demolished and a cinema erected on its site, in spite of efforts of architectural and other influential inhabitants of the town.

Its architectural details were described in the Report of the Royal Commission of Historical Monuments in Hertfordshire, A.D. MCMX, page 98, as a sixteenth century building in good condition, though the interior had been stripped of many features. It retains a fireplace with carved overmantel of seventeenth century date, and also a spiral staircase round a newel post to the upper floors. The street frontage is about 90ft. in length, containing three large ground-floor rooms, the central one of which forms a large hall some 35ft. in length, entered directly from the street. At the back of the building are two returned wings, with (probably) farm outbuildings forming a courtyard. The plan thus indicates a stake in the gradual development of the English house in Elizabethan times, while its façade has hitherto afforded a most graceful ornament to the street architecture of the town.

A further sentimental interest in this building is to be found in the fact that at the close of the last century it was occupied by Mr. Llewellyn Davies, whose wife Sylvia was a sister of Sir Gerald Du Maurier. Sir James Barrie was a great friend and constant visitor at Egerton House, and there he wrote "Peter Pan" for the five Davies boys, whose Christian names are enshrined in those of the characters of this immortal play. It was first performed by a company of actor friends in a room in Egerton House.—A. DU B. HILL.



SCROLLWORK AT HIGHAM FERRERS

Press from time to time condemning biscuit foods, you may be interested to hear of my recent experience in this direction.

At one time I had a good deal of trouble with hysteria while feeding my dogs on biscuit foods manufactured by a well known firm, so I decided to change the diet, and went over to flesh and porridge. However, owing to frequent outbreaks while on this diet, some eight months ago I went back to feeding on the same biscuit diet, and although my dogs have had some hard days' work since the



WHERE PETER PAN WAS FIRST ACTED

SELF-INFILCTED WOUNDS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The gentleman whose photograph I enclose seems to be a spiritual descendant,



A PENITENT IN THE PHILIPPINES

on the other side of the world, of the thirteenth century flagellants of Europe. I took his portrait recently in the Philippine Islands, and was assured that his self-inflicted wounds were in the nature of a penance.—V. L. M.

ICELAND

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Referring to an article in your Christmas Number, published on November 28th, by Mr. J. H. Sherlock, entitled "The Iceland Falcon at Home," I should be most grateful for the hospitality of your columns to correct a somewhat unfortunate impression which is likely to be created by a passage in this article.

Mr. Sherlock speaks of "Myriads of northern mosquitoes." This is a misstatement; there are no mosquitoes in Iceland. The insects which bothered your contributor were the common black midges. Apparently a small matter, it is nevertheless of some importance, as so many people associate the name "mosquito" with a poisonous bite; whereas these midges, although tiresome, are quite harmless. They are only encountered in a few inland districts in Iceland.

There is one other small error in an otherwise excellent article which I should like to point out. Anyone who is at all familiar with Iceland is aware of the fact that there are no mountain ranges; the country is one vast agglomeration of mountains, but nowhere do they resolve themselves into any definite formation such as is implied by the word "range."—R. ANSELL WELLS, General Representative, *Ferðaskrifstofa Ríkisins* (Icelandic Government Travel and Information Department).

PRIMITIVE THRESHING

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—*A propos* of the recent letter on Dovecotes in Cyprus, this photograph shows a primitive method of threshing still in use in the island. The crop is laid on a smooth circular place—usually bare, sun-baked ground—and the grain is crushed out by a sledge which has sharp

flints fixed into the base of it. The sledge is drawn by a donkey, pony, or bullock, and carries a chair on which the driver sits. Inevitably there are one or two children hanging on behind, for this is the time of year to which they all look forward. The straw is gradually cleared away, and then the grain is winnowed by being thrown up into the wind with large wooden shovels. It is a method which has been used for centuries in the island, and recalls the Biblical injunction "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn"—a commandment that is invariably obeyed.—A. MARJORIE RUSTON.

TREES WITHIN TREES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—I send you a photograph which may interest you. It is a section of an old elm tree recently pulled down because it was dangerous. It was known to be hollow, although it had no opening in its trunk to suggest so.

Great was my surprise upon its being cut up to find another small tree growing inside, also with hollow trunk. I have retained the section here shown, and it shall stand like that and have a hanging pot of flowers within.

The local birds, blue tits in particular, are already very busy removing the various insects and grubs. The diameter is 4ft. 6ins. (about).—RAYMOND SOUTHEY.

sieges of hot, dry weather. The fruit, which is about the size of a hen's egg, is much prized by the Indians, large quantities being harvested for drying in the sun, and boiling down for



THE HOLLOW ELM TREE

winter use. Some of these cacti are known to have lived from one to two hundred years, and weigh as much as six tons, 90 per cent. of which is water.—J. MACMASTER.

THE CAT'S HOMING INSTINCT

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—A recent letter in a daily paper told of a cat that was moved from Brixham in South Devon to a London suburb and found its way home again, a distance of 220 miles, but in so weak a condition that it had ultimately to be destroyed. The cat's homing instinct is an extremely interesting subject. My theory is that a cat looks not only for home, but for friends. If, after a few days' residence, it wanders, it cannot find the bearings of a new home, and has no instinct to guide it there. All its instinct reverts to the home that it knows. And in seeking for it it expects to find there the friends that it knew there. If friends are not there, it will sometimes, even in its home, pine away and die. It is certainly faithfulness, but the method by which it sometimes finds its way back (many must perish on the way) seems miraculous.

The tragedy in this case is that no means could be found to prolong its life at the home it loved.—G. JOHN.

PEACOCKS OR FALCONS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a structure at East Riddlesden Hall, near Keighley, Yorks, now a property of the National Trust. It is a wall which faces north and is about seven feet high. The lower holes are probably dog-kennels, the front walls of which shelter a recess of 1ft. 6ins. each way. The date is about 1648.

Each of the upper range of holes is about 2ft. 8ins. high and, like the lower ones, provides a sheltered space 2ft. in depth.

Tradition calls them "peacock houses," but this is a very unlikely purpose for them. Any woodwork there may have been has disappeared; but I suggest that they may be hutches for falcons. Can any of your readers throw any light on the question?—JOHN J. BRIGG.



THE SAHUARO OF ARIZONA

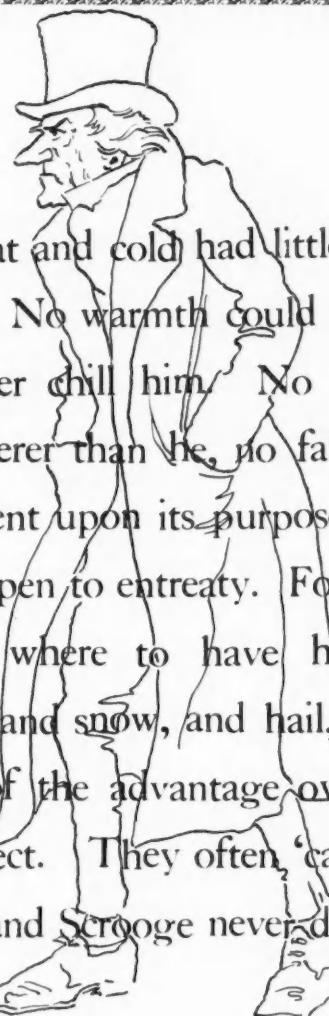
of Arizona. Even taller specimens than those shown in the photograph may be found, with the most fantastic limbs, which afford the most wonderful and weird effects. It has an elaborate root system extending in all directions, which enables it to suck up the maximum amount of water for storage in its fleshy trunk; thus equipped, it can stand long



THRESHING IN CYPRUS



"PEACOCK HOUSES" AT EAST RIDDLESDEN



"External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did."

(Dickens's Christmas Carol)

This excerpt from a masterpiece of characterisation might never have been written had The Burberry Weatherproof been in existence during the time of Scrooge.

With The Burberry, Scrooge would doubtless have been the personification of a Mr. Cheeryble—his sour outlook on life would have been mellowed; his denunciation of Christmas would have become an effusive welcome; his parsimony

and callousness would have become liberality and deep human sympathy.

The Burberry would have given him a feeling of luxurious warmth, an attitude of well-being towards his fellow creatures; would have taught him how security and comfort could be enjoyed—"in heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet."

The Ghost of Marley would never have troubled Scrooge if he had worn

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THE ESTATE MARKET

DEMAND FOR LANDED PROPERTIES



MELPLASH COURT, NEAR BEAMINSTER, DORSET

THE Tudor manor house illustrated today is the well known Dorset property, Melplash. Outwardly it speaks of ancient peace, and within there is fine old panelling. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons can sell the house with from 50 to 465 acres. The picture shows how very pleasant are the surroundings of the old Manor.

BUSINESS AT BERKELEY SQUARE
REPORTING actual sales and purchases for £3,710,977, and mortgages £4,732,054, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. remark that: In recent years the advisory character of the firm's work is revealed by the ever-increasing number of retainers by clients who wish to purchase property. This year, for example, the purchases make up a large proportion of the turnover. Taking into account only one of the transactions still open, but sure to be completed this month (December), the firm's aggregate figures for 1936 exceed £8,500,000. Many of the sales or purchases have been effected by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. with other leading agents, and there has been a high percentage of successful auctions by the various partners, at Berkeley Square, and in country salerooms and at the London Auction Mart.

Sales and purchases range from places of from 5 acres to nearly 5,000 acres in the country; and the London transactions include offices and showrooms in Mayfair, and houses there and in Belgravia; the ground rents include two of £6,000 a year each, one of them in the City; and some of the finest new flats in London and the suburbs. The firm has had its full share of surveys and valuations of potential building estates, woodlands with a view to the realisation of growing timber—a good market and likely further to improve; and auctions of furniture and works of art in town and country houses. It has, on behalf of landowners, selected and instructed special experts in regard to mineral rights in land, one of the many aspects of growing importance in view of the rising prices of raw material of trade and industry. This brings up the question of the cost price of buildings. There has been a steady increase in that cost price throughout the year, though rents have not risen in the case of property built to be let. They ought to have done, but the progressive rise of rates and taxes has set a limit to rents, inasmuch as rents are but one element in the total cost of a property to the tenant, and, if the public charges rise, the private return can seldom be safely advanced to a corresponding degree.

So many landed estates have in the last twenty-five years been broken up that there is a substantially narrowing choice for prospective purchasers of larger country property for residence. The mansion without an adequate area of diversified land is useless to the man of means and taste, and that has led to the demolition of many quite good houses, which had ceased to be attractive for any purpose. This year there has been little need to suggest that any really well placed property would be suitable for adaptation as a school or for institutional purposes. Plenty of buyers have been waiting for all the obviously attractive propositions. Rightly, much emphasis has been laid on the value of country land as an investment, but that

has cut both ways, and one result has been a restricted supply, inasmuch as owners have asked themselves: "Why, if it is so sound an investment, should we part with it, particularly as an equally safe mode of reinvestment of the proceeds is hard to find?" For this reason, partly, a good many owners are preferring to offer tenancy of seats rather than sell them.

Looking at sales and purchases of country estates this year, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. see a pronounced preference for the old-fashioned house of moderate size and comfortably modernised. Some of the largest properties have been sold to those who wanted not primarily an income from the farms so much as the enjoyment of the pleasures of land-owning of the time-honoured type. At one time it seemed as if the day of such aspirations was passing, but knowledge of the new owners warrants the assertion that their interest in land-ownership is full of hope for a good tenantry; in fact, many of the new owners exhibit a broad-minded consideration in accord with the best traditions of the past. Sport of all kinds is a powerful magnet, and some of the best sales have been partly due to the proximity of a property to first-rate golf courses. Hunting seems more than ever in favour, but the great cost of upkeep and the demands on the time and energies of many men whose means would enable them to buy large properties has made them pause before the offers of certain of the more notable hunting-boxes. Fishing has tended to a lower level of values, judged by the results of sale of certain eligible estates; but shooting counts for more than ever it did, and the combination of various forms of sport ensures plenty of inquiries both from buyers and would-be tenants.

The outlook for the investor in agricultural land is intimately bound up with questions over which the individual landowner and farmer have no control. Imports, the effect of subsidies, the marketing boards, the securing for the farmer of a fairer proportion of the retail prices of produce, and the housing and wages of skilled workers on farms, and the effect and future of mechanisation—these are only some of the matters that bear on it. The Government is clearly alive to the needs of the industry, and the international outlook emphasises the vital importance of encouraging and helping the whole agricultural interest.

The firm closes expressing its sorrow at the recent death of Mr. Cyril Collingham, who was for so long a period one of the heads of the firm.

HAY CASTLE

HAY CASTLE dates from 1090, when Bernard de Newmarch defeated the Welsh chief. "The Manor of Haie" was granted to him by Sir Philip Walwyn, who built the Castle. In 1216 the town and Castle were burnt by King John. The Castle has been restored and modernised, and with it go one and a quarter miles of salmon fishing in the Wye. Messrs. Hampton and Sons are the agents.

Mrs. N. C. Tufnell's agency has disposed of the lease of Littlewood Cottage and Field Cottage, near Sunningdale golf links; Wind-whistle, Wentworth; and Queen Anne House, Taplow.

The Manor House, Ogbourne St. George, a Queen Anne house, has been sold, with 43 acres, by Messrs. Constable and Maude, who offer a Jacobean house, Purslow Hall, near Aston-on-Clun, with 18 acres and two miles of fishing in the Clun.

Messrs. Norfolk and Prior are to dispose of Haldon Grange, near Exeter, a modern residence and 12 acres. They have sold Binfield Place, Binfield, a Tudor manor house in about 14 acres; Elm House, Netheravon, with Messrs. Woolley and Wallis, 5 acres; and Great Tomkyns, Upminster Common, a half-timbered residence in about 3½ acres, mentioned by the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments in their Report on Essex.

With Messrs. T. P. Powell and Co., Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff have sold Westbrook Farm, Avebury, a seventeenth century cottage with 23 acres; also The Rookery, Painswick, with Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices. This is another seventeenth century house, with 5 acres and four stone-cottages, and a mill stream with cascade and mill race, and old mill premises; also Ashton Fields Farm, and this latter was purchased by a German colony called The Cotswold Bruderhoff, who have establishments in Germany, Switzerland and Canada.

Messrs. J. Ewart Gilkes and Partners have sold Nos. 22, Eaton Square (Messrs. Lofts and Warner representing the purchaser); 8, Alexander Square (with Hampton and Sons); 22, Elm Park Gardens, in conjunction with Messrs. Jupe and Hemens; and, with Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices, No. 18, Sloane Court and No. 55, Sloane Gardens.

Mr. A. T. Underwood has sold Stone Cross, Crawley Down, 3 acres; and Sandfield, Hever, an old residence and 6 acres, with Messrs. F. D. Ibbett, Moseley, Card and Co.

LADY MARTINEAU'S DESIGNS

EARLYWOOD CHACE, close to Swinley Forest golf course, has been let on lease by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. It is a modern house in the Spanish-Basque style, and house and gardens were designed by Lady Martineau. Sir Philip and Lady Martineau will shortly be going into King's Bourne, Wentworth, which Lady Martineau has just built.

Holmbush Manor, Slinfold, dating from Cromwell's time, together with 146 acres, has recently been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Between the Conway Estuary and Penmaenmawr, half way across the Sychnant Pass, is Pensychnant, 150 acres, to be sold privately by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. It includes a moderately sized, well appointed house.

Messrs. Lofts and Warner have recently purchased Nos. 22, Eaton Square, S.W., and 3, Herbert Crescent, Knightsbridge, both through Messrs. Ewart Gilkes and Partners; and No. 22, Belgrave Square, through Messrs. White, Berry and Catford. Recent sales by them include No. 34, Ormonde Gate, with Messrs. Wm. Willett; 17, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, with Messrs. Allsop and Co.; 16, Sloane Court, with Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices; and 48, Mount Street, with Messrs. George Trollope and Sons. ARBITER.

This England . . .



Near Dockray—Cumberland

SCANDINAVIANS, Scots and the "Centurions of the Thirtieth" all made their mark on these northern counties and left them—essentially English! The old "estatesmen" or owner-farmers who held the land for centuries have disappeared, but their far-famed independence and almost fierce attachment to the "old ways" remain in the spirit of the people. Even the Herdwick sheep that dot the green shoulders of the hills are an ancient breed peculiar to these parts. The folk cling naturally to the traditional foods and, as an ale, Worthington ranks very high . . . for it also is brewed in the "old way."





CHEVROLETS FOR 1937

I HAD an opportunity of inspecting recently a batch of the new Canadian-built Chevrolets for 1937 at Chevrolet House, Orchard Street, the premises of Messrs. Pass and Joyce, the concessionaires for these cars in this country.

They are certainly a handsome lot of cars, and the first thing that struck one was the very pleasing lines and the increased roominess of the bodies. For instance, at the front, the body is nearly 5ins. wider at floor level and 1½ins. wider at the wind screen, while it is 2ins. wider between the doors across the front seat. The floor is 2 1-16ins. lower, an improvement made possible by the adoption of a hypoid rear axle and a box-girder frame.

The new Chevrolet engine, which is used in all chassis models, is of larger capacity than previously, being rated at 29 h.p. It is of 88.8 mm. bore by 95.25 mm. stroke, and the cubic capacity is 3,725 c.c., while the compression ratio has been raised from 6 to 1 to 6.25 to 1. The new engine also has four crank shaft bearings instead of three, and, of course, the engines have overhead valves.

To return to the bodies, these are entirely of steel construction by Fisher, and they are assembled by welding, without a single bolt, rivet, screw, or nail, the only wood used being for the roof-light attachment and the luggage compartment floorboards in the case of the trunk models. The doors are also entirely of steel. All the floors are of steel, while, in the new instrument panel, the dials have been grouped directly in front of the driver.

An entirely new box-girder type of frame is used in both chassis, and the synchro-mesh gear box is also entirely new, being more compact and of more rigid construction. The synchronising mechanism has been simplified through the use of improved cone clutches.

The bonnet has been improved in design, as it is longer and rounded at the front. Each half of the bonnet is in one piece, attached to a concealed hinge at the top centre, bonnet side-hinges having been eliminated. Automatic bonnet supports, which hold it up when it is raised, are an innovation.

As compared with the Master models, the *de luxe* models have knee action or independent front-wheel springing, instead of semi-elliptic front springs, and double-acting shock absorbers at the front and single at the rear as compared with single-acting all through. The lowest-priced model is the Master two-door coach, which sells at £268; while the highest-priced is the Master *de luxe* four-door sports Sedan, which sells at £338. Time-controlled direction indicators are now fitted to all models without extra charge.

THE LIGHTING OF PURLEY WAY

MOTORISTS on their way to or from Brighton or the south coast who have been along Purley Way, Croydon, lately cannot fail to have noticed the wonderful lighting of this road, which is claimed to be the finest example of trunk-road lighting in the world. The Croydon Corporation have just completed a system of sodium discharge lighting along the whole length of the road, which is a distance of approximately four miles.

This four miles of road is de-restricted, and is lit by 235 "Philora" sodium lamps, supplied by Phillips' Lamps, Limited, spaced 90ft. apart and at a height of 26ft. above the centre of the road. The installation was planned by the Corporation's Electrical Engineer, Mr. F. W. Rendell.

The effect of the illumination on the road is extraordinary, all glare having been eliminated, and the whole being softly but

clearly visible without any shadows. From the motorists' point of view, it is an ideal form of lighting, as there are no blind spots whatever, and it is, of course, quite unnecessary to have the head lamps of the car in action.

Sodium lighting of roads was first introduced in 1932, and is rapidly gaining popularity in all parts of the country, and helping to make roads safer for all classes of users. Due to its soft golden colour, great visual definition is obtained, colour contrasts are enhanced, and objects, even at a distance, appear in sharp relief. It is possible to see clearly under this light to distances hitherto thought to be impossible at night.

An important feature of the installation is its low running cost, the 150-watt "Philora" sodium lamps used giving about five times as much light as ordinary lamps of similar wattage, while they also have a much longer life.

The Purley Way is an example of what we may hope for in the future, when main roads between towns are lighted from end to end.

It is interesting to note that the Belgian Government have decided to install a somewhat similar scheme along the entire length of the Brussels-Antwerp road, a stretch of some twenty-five miles.

M.G. RACING SUCCESSES FOR 1936

PRIVately-owned M.G. cars have won twenty-four races in various parts of the world during the past season. Fifteen wins have been scored in this country, two each in Ireland, Czecho-Slovakia and Austria, and one each in Belgium, France and South Africa. M.G. cars also won 25 per cent. of the races which took place at Brooklands this year.



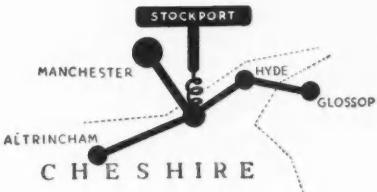
THE NEW LIGHTING OF PURLEY WAY AT CROYDON

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WINTER HOLIDAY in the PYRENEES

ONE has grown so accustomed to regarding the Pyrenees as a delightful part of the world for other than winter sports holidays that it came as something of a surprise to me to find my French friends driving by car every week-end to Luchon, Cauterets, Montlouis, Puy de Morens, Font Romeu, and so forth, there to enjoy skiing to compare with that in the Alps of Savoy or in the Jura. And each Friday night you will find the healthy Bordelais, the energetic Toulousains, men, women and children from all over the Midi hurrying by car or train to the ski-fields of the Pyrenees.

Such a winter holiday as the Pyrenees offer has an unusual character, for while the valleys of the Garonne and the Ariège are clear of snow, high up at Superbagnères and Hôpitallet the snow is good enough to satisfy the most exacting taste.

I happened to be in the Midi in early March, bent on seeing once more the one and only Carcassonne; exploring Toulouse, too little appreciated by most of us; and, above all, on visiting for the first time that gem of the Middle Ages, St. Bertrand de Comminges.

Are there any more exquisitely carved stalls in the world than those at St. Bertrand? Are not those miniature cloisters with their fading epitaphs, their jewel-like marble columns and the mellow tiles blending so perfectly with the green of the little courtyard and the views of the Pyrenean foothills framed by the stone arches, the most lovely in all France?

Somehow one never associates architectural gems with winter sports. Yet all three places I have mentioned are so easily accessible *en route* to the snows that it is a pity not to spare the necessary couple of days.

Car is, of course, the simplest way; but if the journey across France (*via* Havre is in this case convenient), through Chartres, Orléans, Châteauroux, Limoges (first night), Brives (delicious local red wine and supreme *pâté de foie gras*), Cahors (walls and fortified bridges, turrets and ramparts, roofs and reflections in the turbulent Lot), Montauban, Toulouse (second night, Hôtel du Midi), is too much, take the train direct from Dieppe. It is an easy and comfortable overnight journey. Or *via* Paris, Toulouse can be reached by day, whence the winter resorts are but a few hours.



SKI-ING SLOPES NEAR THE HOTEL AT SUPERBAGNÈRES

As to individual places, Luchon is attractive. The *crêmaillère* takes you through the pine forests high above the valley of the Pique. Gradually the great sweep of the Garonne unfolds and leads away north to the great fertile plain of the Midi. South and east rise the grandest summits of the Pyrenees, Pic d'Aneto, Maladetta, and their glittering glaciers.

Often in the early morning the cloud effects are supremely beautiful—now a veil of grey lace caressing the ice-bound pinnacles, now a shroud of watered silk, half transparent, as though the grim heads of Maladetta would rise in furious wrath at the taunts of a threatening heaven.

The plateau of Superbagnères is 6,000ft. up, and there is here a splendid modern hotel. A favourite ski-run, with plenty of scope for Christianas and jump-turns, is the Piste Record on the far side of the rack railway. The valley run is less violent. Both run parallel to the railway, which saves the trouble of a "skin" climb. Céciré provides several good tours.

From Hôpitallet, accessible by car or train, one is close to Andorra. If the frontier guards are amenable, it is an interesting experience to go for a ski-ing expedition in this rugged, desolate, snowbound and grotesque relic of mediæval Europe. In the same locality is Font Romeu, just beyond Montlouis, which incidentally retains the fortifications built by Vauban. Font Romeu is 6,000ft. up, sunny and well guarded from the north wind by an immense belt of pine-woods. There are several good hotels, and the

ski-ing is first class. Vernet-les-Bains, usually looked upon as a prince among watering-places, is also a good winter sports centre. The famous Canigou is easily reached, and if the Hôtel-Châlet des Corralets is closed, the Refuge by the side of it is open. The panorama from Le Canigou is magnificent and stretches right along the eastern Pyrenees until they dip into the Mediterranean.

Cauterets is one of the most popular winter sports centres in the whole of France, and we found the Hôtel d'Angleterre most comfortable. The locality abounds in magnificent scenery and also in unsurpassable ski-ing grounds.

The panorama from Gavarnie is on a par with the great sights of the world. The village is set in a great amphitheatre of towering peaks all above 10,000ft. The semicircle seems to rise wall upon wall, a series of vast receding terraces crowned at last by the glittering whiteness of Pic du Marboré, the trident of la Cascade, l'Epaule du Marboré, la Tour et le Casque. That view from Gavarnie is the most priceless jewel in the whole dazzling array of Pyrenean majesty. As to ski-ing, none in the Alps is better.

Either Cook's or the French Tourist Office in the Haymarket have information about hotels and refuges. Most of the latter are very well cared for, but it is important to check up locally for snow conditions and to make sure that accommodation is available.

It is an economy to join the French Alpine Club, and I found the Toulouse office of the Fédération Pyrénée des Skis most courteous and helpful.

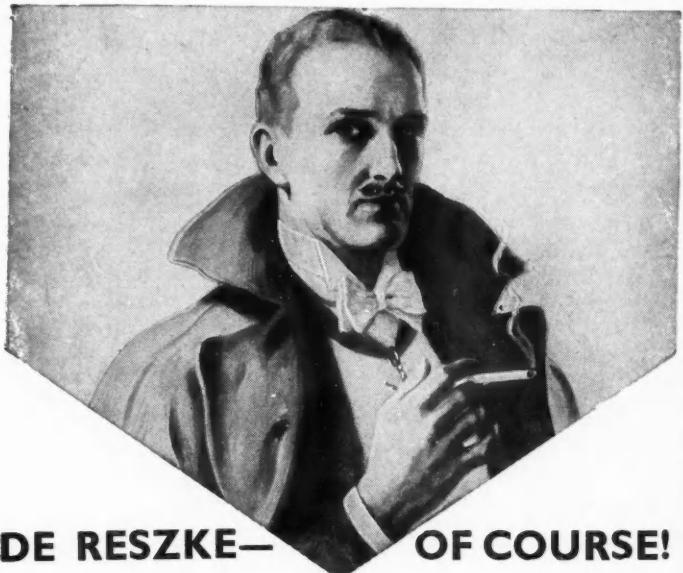
JOANNA RAILTON.



(Left) THE PIQUE VALLEY FROM ABOVE LUCHON. (Right) GRAND HOTEL, FONT ROMEU



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TREES FOR WINTER EFFECT

THOUGH evergreens, both green and variegated, do much to take away from the bareness of the garden in winter, the judicious planting of trees and shrubs with finely coloured bark undoubtedly adds interest to the garden during the dark days. Many trees and shrubs with finely coloured stems are well worth having. Planted in groups, they make an attractive picture in the winter, and, in the rougher parts of the grounds, are better suited to our climate and landscape than are variegated evergreens. It is true that most of them are not very showy when in flower or fruit, but they are worth a place for their winter beauty alone. Among them, the willows are perhaps one of the most outstanding groups. Planted near the water edge—for one usually associates the willow with water—many willows afford fine winter colouring. It need not be supposed, however, that by the water edge is the only place where they will grow. They will thrive in any ordinary soil which is not too dry, and even in pure sand. To get the colour well developed it is advisable to cut the plants back every year or second year, so as to encourage the growth of a number of wands of good length. The reason for this is that they are all trees, and the colour is confined to the young shoots and usually disappears after the second year. *Salix daphnoides*, the violet willow, and *S. acutifolia* are two willows worth growing for their beautiful purple and violet-coloured shoots, which are covered with a waxy bloom. If cut back every second year, the crop of young wands makes a pleasing winter effect. *S. vitellina*, the "golden" willow, is no less lovely with its slender shoots of golden yellow; while its variety *britzensis* has wands of bright red. *S. decipiens*, the "cardinal" willow, gives a rich red effect when cut back. *S. chrysocoma* has yellow stems, and *S. nigricans* var. *viburnoides* has fine black stems covered with bloom. There are two willows of late introduction which might also be used. The first, *S. magnifica*, a native of China, introduced by

its rare variety called *erythrocladum*, whose young shoots turn a bright crimson. Among the other species, *A. crataegifolium*, with beautifully striped bark closely akin to *A. Davidii*, but differing in the shape of leaf; *A. capillipes* and *A. micranthum*, from Japan; and *A. laxiflorum*, *A. tetramerum* and *A. tegmentosum* from China, are worth a place in any good collection. *A. griseum*, of course, cannot be omitted. It is one of the trifoliate group of maples, and is, perhaps, the most beautiful. It usually forms a bushy-headed tree, and is one of the most striking on account of its lovely mahogany-coloured bark, which peels off in large loose flakes to reveal a rich orange skin beneath. The leaves of this species assume the most gorgeous tints during the autumn, and these and the fine winter effect of its bark, make it well worth a place in the garden.

There is no need to emphasise the value of the birches for winter effect. Their graceful habit, the slender, often pendulous, branches, and the picturesque silvery stems make them conspicuous features of the landscape. The common birch, *B. verrucosa*, with silvery white stem and branches, is well worth growing. The Himalayan birch, *B. utilis*, has a creamy white peeling bark with orange-brown twigs. Owing to its heavy foliage, it is only in winter time that we see the full beauty of this fine species. The bark peels off in papery flakes, revealing a creamy brown surface which becomes white when exposed to light. It is quite hardy, although there seems to be more than one form of it. The paper flakes at one time were used for paper, and, like those of the paper birch of North America, were employed for roofing. *B. Jacquemontii*, another Himalayan birch and sometimes regarded as a variety of *B. utilis*, is another with conspicuous white stem and peeling bark. The difference between these two birches is that *B. Jacquemontii* has fewer veins on the leaf and the young shoots are more warty and less downy than those of *B. utilis*. *B. japonica* has also a fine white stem peeling to reveal a creamy orange under-surface. There are two varieties of this birch, *B. japonica* var. *mandschurica* and *B. japonica* var. *szechuanica*, and both are equally good. There has been much confusion with the last-mentioned and *B. Delavayi* var. *Forrestii*. The latter is quite a different species, with more closely veined and differently shaped leaves, more resembling those of *B. utilis* or *B. utilis* var. *Prattii* in miniature. It seems to be very rare in cultivation. *B. albo-sinensis* and its variety *septentrionalis*, and *B. utilis* var. *Prattii* all have a striking orange brown bark which peels to reveal a lighter tone beneath covered with a whitish bloom. These last three birches are well worth growing for their bark effect alone. *B. occidentalis*, the "western birch," is a fine, strong-growing tree with bark varying from a purplish to a creamy brown; while the paper birch, *B. papyrifera* of North America, has a pure white bark. It is the most widely spread of all American birches, extending as far north as Labrador and Hudson Bay. *B. Ermanii* has a creamy white stem and branches of bright orange; while the variety called *nipponica* is even better, for it makes a strong-growing tree of the same shade of colour. The young stems and branches of many birches vary from reddish brown to almost black, and they thus afford a fine contrast when grouped with those species that have white stems. *B. lenta*, the North American cherry birch, has an almost black bark which does not peel. It is closely allied to the yellow birch, *B. lutea*, with its yellowish brown trunk, which is revealed by the curling back of the outer layer. The river birch, *B. nigra*, is one of the most striking members of the race. Its stem and older branches are covered with large flakes of curling bark which give it a charming rugged appearance, and it forms a fine contrast when planted along with the white-stemmed species. Native of the United States, this birch is usually found growing near

water, hence the name "river birch." Another birch that has its trunk clothed with curling flakes of papery bark is *B. daurica*, and in the curious ruggedness of its bark it resembles *B. nigra*. *B. Maximowiczii*, a Japanese birch, has an orange brown stem turning to silver, with reddish brown branches; while *B. cerulea*, the "blue birch," combines a pinkish white bark with reddish brown branches. Practically all the birches are worth growing, and by making a feature of a collection of the different species they will greatly add to the beauty of the winter garden.

There are a few prunus that have lovely bark, and when the sun shines on them they present an attractive sight. *Prunus canescens*, a small tree of pendulous habit, 15-20ft. high, and a very distinct cherry because of the thick coat of soft hairs which covers the leaves and young shoots, has very little beauty in flower owing to the petals falling soon after the flower opens. Its ornamental value lies in the lovely flaky bark of stem and branches, which is a dark polished mahogany colour. *P. serrula*, another Chinese cherry with white flowers, has very little beauty when in flower, but in winter, a tree of 20-25ft. in height, is a striking object with its trunk of reddish brown bark which, when rubbed, turns to a lovely mahogany red. There is also a variety of *P. serrula* called *tibetica*, which is much more common in cultivation and equally as good. In both these cherries and in *P. canescens*, the bark peels right to the tips of the branches, and for this feature alone, the cherries are worth cultivating. The bark of *P. canescens* is a much darker shade than that of *P. serrula*, but both are most attractive and too good to overlook by those in search of plants for winter beauty.

The alders are not commonly thought of in connection with winter effect, but there are two varieties that both claim recognition by the colour of their young twigs, and are worth planting in any damp place. One is *Alnus incana aurea*, a lovely golden form with golden red stems; the other *A. incana var. coccinea*, with red twigs; and both are conspicuous in winter. There is also a lime with golden red shoots, *Tilia platyphyllos* var. *aurantiaca*, which is quite worth a place in the collection where there is room.



THE ATTRACTIVE STRIATED STEM OF ACER DAVIDII

THE BEAUTIFUL SILVERY WHITE TRUNK OF BETULA UTILIS

Wilson in 1910, has fine young wood and buds of a purplish red colour. It has, unfortunately, not proved too hardy. *S. hypoleuca*, on the other hand, has proved quite hardy. It is of a bushy, spreading habit and suitable for either a dry or a moist position, while the varnished deep crimson growths with their lighter-coloured protruding buds, are very attractive in winter.

All the snake-barked maples have beautiful and striking bark. For long, only one species from North America was available; but now, with all the recent newcomers to the race from China and Japan, there is a much wider choice. Branches as well as trunk are striped with conspicuous jagged blue-white lines on a greenish ground, a combination which makes a very pleasing effect during the winter. The smaller branches to the tips of the shoots are usually red or dull red, with buds also of the same colour. *Acer Davidii*, a native of China, a tree of 30ft. to 40ft., has the bark beautifully striped, and is handsome alike in summer and winter. *A. Forrestii* is also one of this striated group of maples. Collected by Forrest only a few years ago, it already promises to be one of the best for winter effect. The stem is streaked with white, and the smaller branches are a rich red with conspicuous red buds. When kept dwarf artificially like the willows it makes a delightful bit of winter colour. Another later introduction, *A. Hersii*, named after the collector and introduced in 1923, is as charming as *A. Davidii*, from which it differs in its unlobed, more oblong leaves with reddish down beneath. *A. Fargesii*, introduced by Wilson in 1902, is also worth growing for its charming red young twigs. This species is not really hardy and, unless given a very sheltered position, is unlikely to be a success. *A. rufinerve*, a native of Japan, is closely allied to *A. pennsylvanicum*, resembling it in shape of leaf and in the handsome markings of the stem and branches, but differing in the glaucous young shoots and the more conspicuous red down beneath the leaves. *A. pennsylvanicum*, the original member of the group, is remarkable for the handsome striping on its branches and stems, and is too good a plant to neglect. The same can be said of

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SOLUTION to No. 360

The clues for this appeared in December 19th issue.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 361

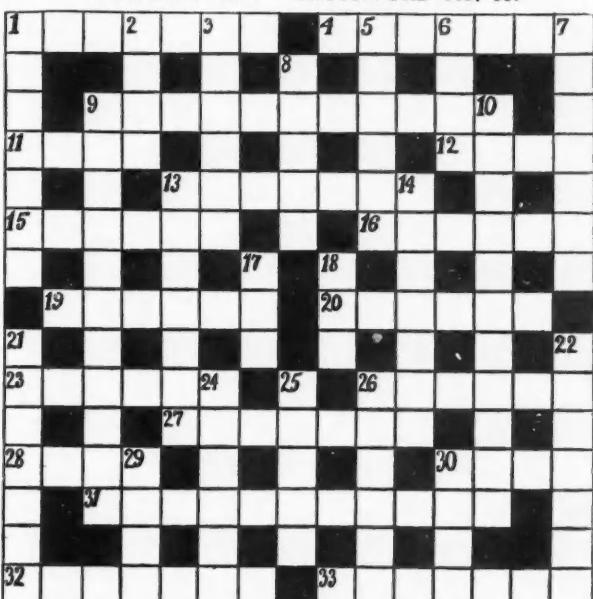
A prize of books to the value of 3 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 361, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office, not later than the **first post on the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 29th, 1936.** Readers in Scotland are precluded under the Scottish Acts from participation in this competition

The winner of Crossword No. 360 will be announced next week.

32. This day is far removed from Christmas
 33. What the Old Year inevitably does.
 DOWN.
 1. Men's aim (anagr.)
 2. The third man
 3. The Stilton does before it's finished
 5. Customs not necessarily Christmas ones
 6. What 1936 does on a Thursday
 7. One of the heavenly host
 8. The path of the current is going up
 9. "The Heaven-born Child All — in the rude manger lies" (two words)
 10. What 12 did in the end on the first Nowell (three words)
 13. Here is an easy one for you
 14. They might be carols
 17. Should be suitable now for skiing
 18. The Christmas tree is one
 21. "Our — we do fill With apples and with spice"
 22. Such entertainments are frequent at Christmas
 24. Stephen and John, for example
 25. They stand at your door
 26. Respect an unfrocked parson?
 29. A good pull—
 30. —And perhaps the feeling it engenders.

ACROSS.
 1. King Wenceslas, for instance
 4. Consumed on Christmas Eve (two words)
 9. "Expressing their loves in ribbons and gloves" on New Year's Day (three words)
 11. It has one all the same, though Christmas hasn't
 12. It was seen in 30 across
 13. Every Christmas tree must be
 15. We burn their winnings
 16. Adjective that would describe the shepherds
 19. The manger is one for humility
 20. To seek for a King was that of the Wise Men
 23. There can be no more argument when your opponent does this
 26. East of Suez (two words)
 27. Everyone grows older, but not everyone does this to grow wiser
 28. A man who does this cannot take a 29 at the same time
 30. You will find it in 26 across
 31. Exhortation to hang up the Christmas decorations (three words)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 361



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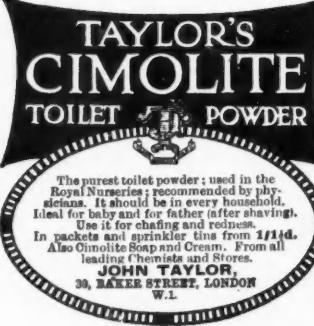
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THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF FANCY DRESS



A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCY DRESS OF THE 1860's WITH A VELVET SACHET AND A PLAID SKIRT

AFANCY dress party—unmitigated fun to little girls who like dressing up, unmitigated horror to most men, a very mixed pleasure to most women. Of late years fancy dress, except for children, has been relegated to Swiss hotels at Christmas, and dances on board ship, except for a few elaborate London parties where the dresses have been all of one special period. These are usually the most successful ones; with coaches, candle-light, and orchestras playing nothing but waltzes, it is almost possible to recapture the ease and atmosphere of a real ball in 1800. But the kind of party where Cleopatra is dancing with a caveman, and a Russian peasant with a Roman centurion, nothing but a very dismal jocosity is likely to flourish.

The most successful of all fancy dresses is the one which did not start life as one. Your great-grandmother's wedding dress, your grandmother's Court gown, made of the right stuff, and not adapted to the very different ideal figure of 1936, will always look authentic and often enough becoming, if it is not worn with a very modern make-up, *coiffure* and gait. On the other hand, the armour your ancestor wore at the Battle of Hastings, however authentic, will probably hamper your dancing, and the first rule about fancy dress is that it should be comfortable. The other kind of fancy dress which was not originally meant as such is, of course, the dress of any particular country, mostly nowadays a peasant dress. Some of these, such as the Friesland or Albanian, for instance, are elaborate and lovely. So are some of the Syrian, Indian, Chinese, and other Oriental ones; but they need caution, because the rarest and most genuine Geisha dress or Bedouin yashmak will not look good with golden curls and a blooming Anglo-Saxon face.

Next in order of effectiveness are dresses copied from pictures—and this is a very good way to arrive at a fancy dress. It is better to choose a reasonably obscure lady, rather than the Duchess of Devonshire or Mme. de Recamier, as these famous ladies' faces are too well known. Where most "period" fancy dresses fail is that, though lines and colours may be fairly accurately copied, the wrong materials are used. Sateen, that abhorrent stuff beloved of amateur theatricals, is an entirely modern material and can never look authentic. One cannot, of course, now get India muslin and paduasoy, dimity and samite and sarsanet and tabby; but one can get velvet and brocade and satin, though it is usually best to get ones meant for furnishing materials for fancy dresses, as they have more the right weight and stiffness.

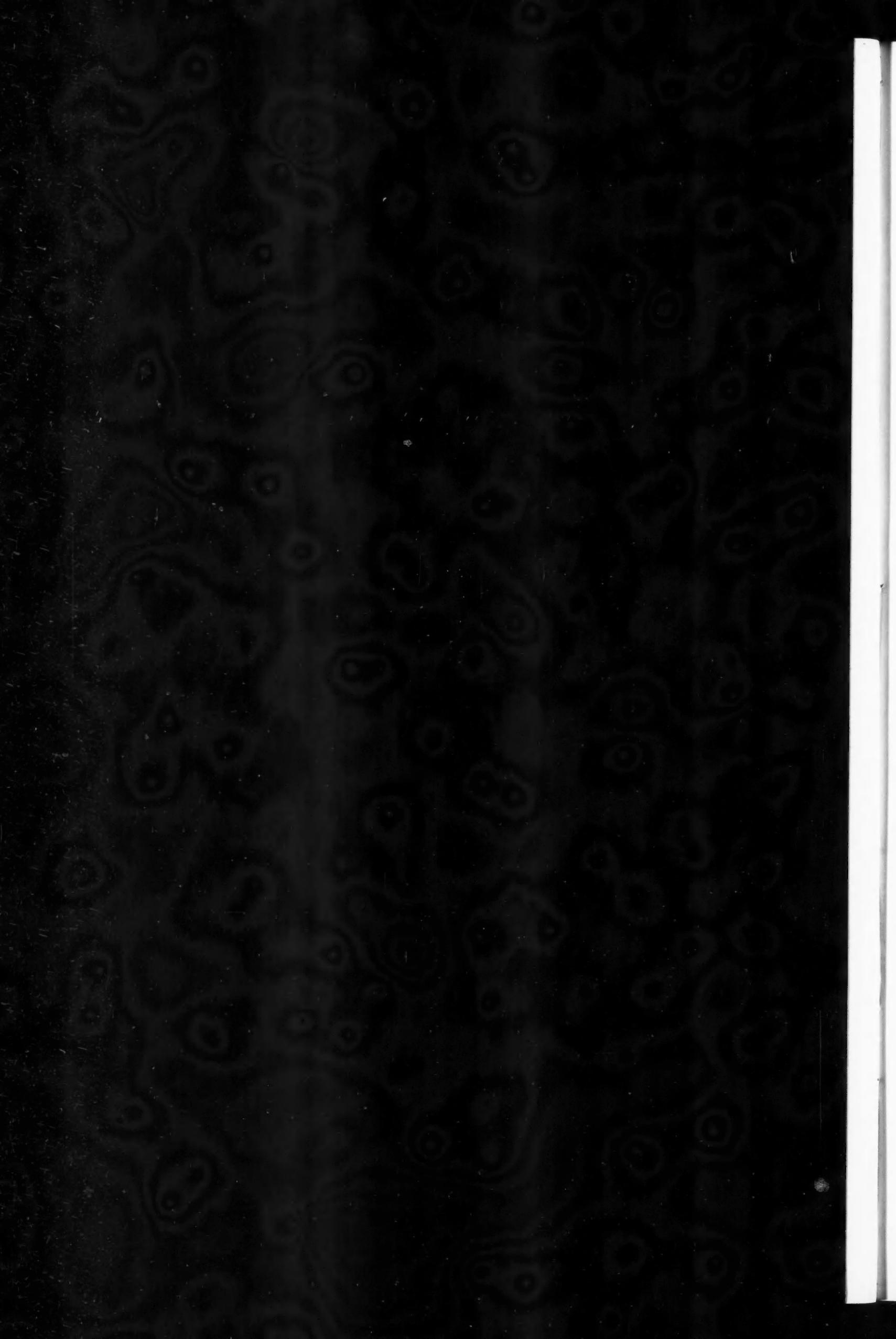
If you are going to have a "period" fancy dress you must have it right. "Eighteenth century dress" or "Victorian dress" is not near enough; when one thinks how much fashion has changed in the first thirty-six years of the twentieth century, one realises that a hundred years of fashion cannot be summed up in one frock. The kind of confection that consists of a poke bonnet, a white wig, a frilly skirt up to the knees, and a fichu, is an abomination and an eyesore.

As for the other type of fancy dress, in which a person is got up as an object like a pillar-box or a powder-puff, they are practically always a mistake; there is a kind of dreary facetiousness about them which would blight any party. The Pierrot, Harlequin, Columbine type of dress is rather a confession of failure, but at least has an entertaining tradition behind it.

CATHARINE HAYTER.



A DOLLY VARDEN DRESS IN ROSE-PINK TAFFETA WITH BLUE VELVET BOWS
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MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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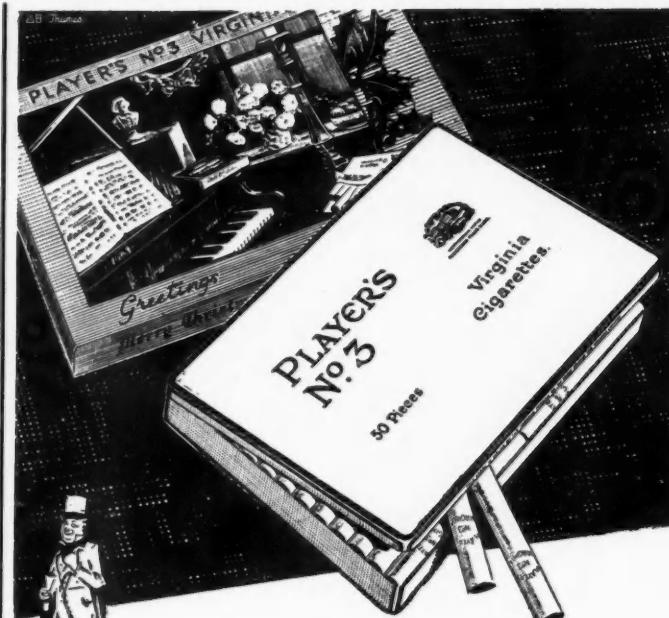
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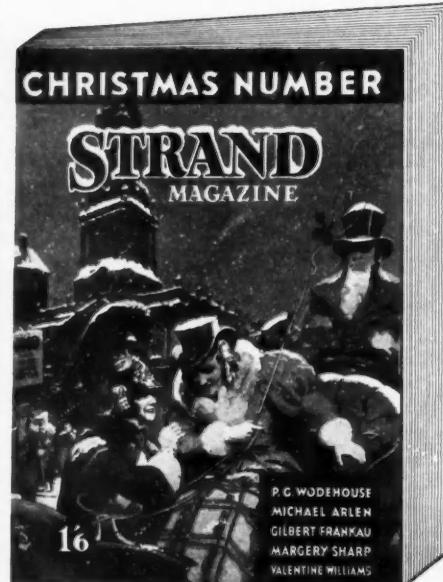


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